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THE NATIONAL
POLICE GAZETTE
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN THE WORLD.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK: SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1906.

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Price, 10 Cents.

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561
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"I SEE A DARK WOMAN."

NELLA BERGEN (MRS. DE WOLF HOPPER) IN HER ROLE OF THE "GYPSY FORTUNE TELLER."



RICHARD K. FOX,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.

Saturday, January 6, 1906.

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FREE SUPPLEMENT WITH THIS ISSUE:
THE GREAT SANTELL.

MISCELLANEOUS SPORTS.

R. Williams, the former good jockey, is now a trainer at New Orleans.

George Bothner is instructing the Princeton College students in the art of wrestling.

Patsy Donovan will succeed Ned Hanlon as manager of the Brooklyn Baseball team next season.

Chief Zimmer, the Phillies' old manager, has applied for the job as manager of the Toledo Club.

Word comes from Providence that Tobias Burke has sold Don Carr, 2:06, for export to England.

Frank Gotch failed to throw Charley Conkle twice in an hour, at Buffalo, N. Y., recently. Gotch won a fall in eighteen minutes.

Sam Karpf will take a team of bowlers to Cuba and through the Southern States next year. The team will probably consist of three men.

Zolock failed to win a main from Hazel Patch. Perhaps one could buy the former at discount from the \$50,000 asked for him last Summer.

P. T. Powers, the New York sporting promoter, and for many years president of the Eastern League, is now owner of the Providence Club.

Arthur Redfern, the jockey, has not yet recovered the use of his arm, which was broken when he was thrown from a motor cycle three months ago.

Tom Frisbee, of North Carolina, defeated Billy Edwards, of Portland, Ore., claiming to be the champion of Canada, in two out of three falls, at Portland, Ore., recently.

William Dietrich, a junior member of the Y. M. C. A., at York, Pa., and the smallest athlete in the institution, established a new association record for the pull-up making a total of 20, on Dec. 18.

Tom Foley, said to be the welterweight champion wrestler of the United States Navy, was defeated in straight falls by Young (Charles) Kaiser, of Rochester. It took Kaiser 48 minutes to secure the first fall, on a half-Nelson body hold, and 37 minutes for the second, on a half-Nelson and crotch.

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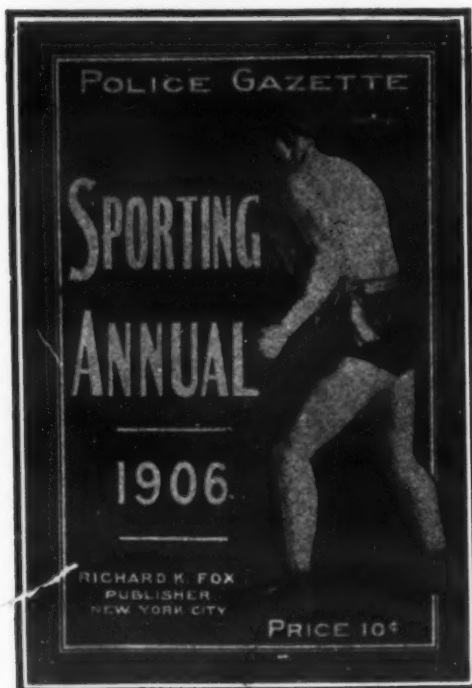
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WITH A FEW CALCIUM FLASHES IN BETWEEN

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Play in Halls and Continuous Houses.

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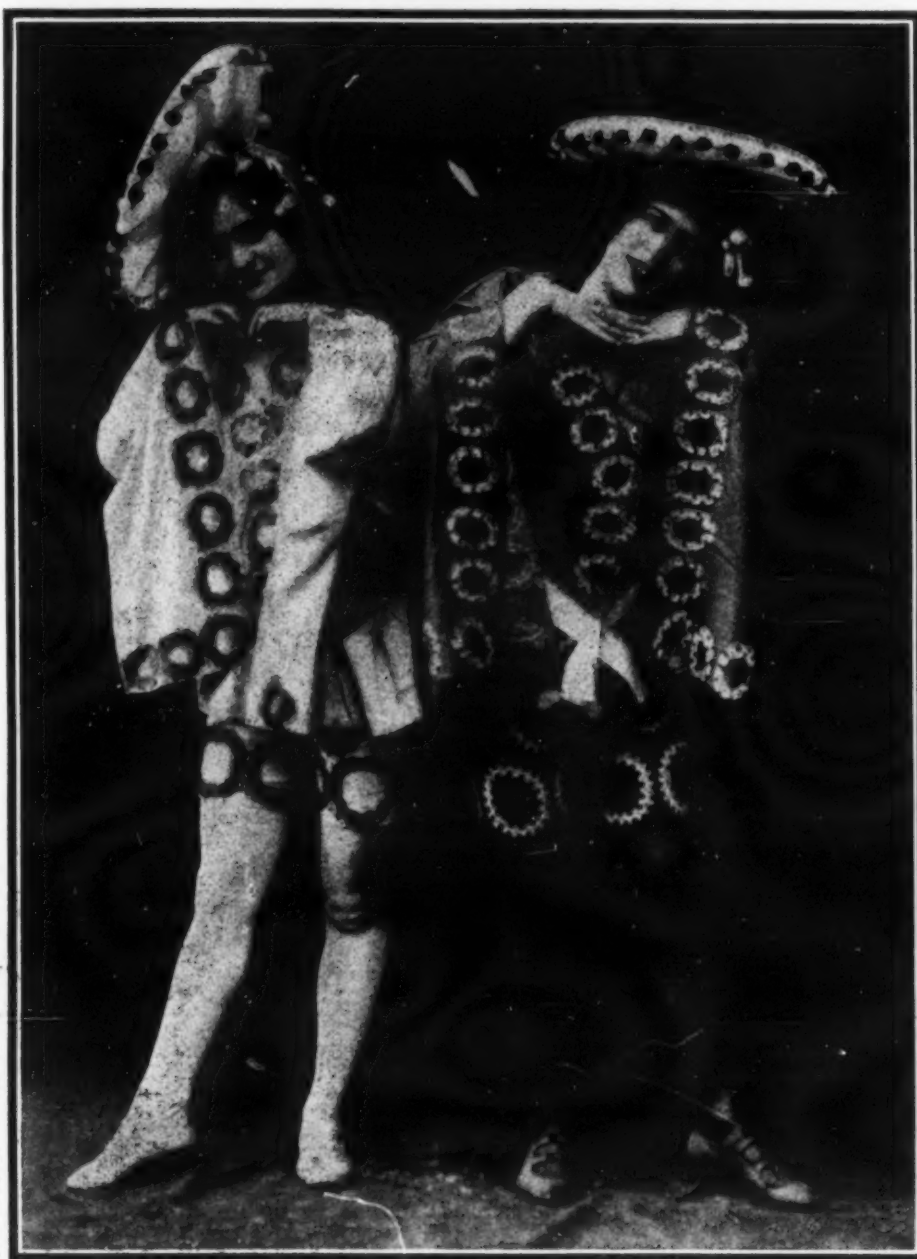
All Professionals Are Invited to Send in Brief Paragraphs About Themselves
and Photos in Character For Publication on This Page.

Vardaman is just completing his fiftieth week on the Pacific Coast. He will soon go North, on the Sullivan-Considine circuit, thence East.

Walter L. Main will send on the road next season a new attraction to be known as Cummings' Wild West Exhibition Company. The company is cap-

The Four Amphions (Joseph McNatti, Lulu Keegan, Walter Meaken and George Lane) are presenting a comedy musical skit, "The Debutante."

Richards, foot juggler and hoop roller, has canceled his vaudeville bookings and is at his home in Columbus, O., completing the practice of a new act,



THE REVERE SISTERS.

Their First Names are Ellinore and Georgie, and They Are Not Only Pretty but
Very Clever and Their Act is Always a Winner.

itized at \$150,000, and the stockholders, besides Mr. Main and Mr. Cummings, are A. S. Ewing, P. W. Tuttle, E. H. Gibbs and F. H. Hawes.

Jim Jones closed over the O'Brien & Jones circuit, and opened over the Nash circuit, for eight weeks, at La Crosse, Wis., at the Bijou.

Antonio Van Gofre, mouth equilibrist, and Emma Cotrely, female juggler, report meeting with big success as the feature acts on the bill.

Crawford and Manning report meeting with success with the Williams & Burns Imperials. Their act is one of the features with the company.

Captain Sidney Hinman is on the Crystal circuit with his life saving dogs and water carnival. He is well booked up until he opens his tent show again for the third season.

Harry O'Dell and Ollie Hart are at the Savoy Theatre, Victoria, B. C., and are making good. They report their new act as being a success, and are booked solid up to April next.

Charles Merritt and May Rozella, The Village Torments, have joined Dave Kraus' European Sensation Company, playing parts and doing their specialty in the olio. They report meeting with success,

which will be ready for presentation in the Spring. Mr. Richards will supplement hoops with the new feature, and he promises a revolution in upside-down work.

William West and Beulah Benton, now playing the Ammons' circuit, go to the Coast for Sullivan & Considine. They are booked solid for thirty weeks.

Frederick Egner, who has been clowning the past season with the Forepaugh-Sells Brothers Circus, joined Al G. Field's Minstrels in Terre Haute, Ind., for ballad singing.

Acker and Collins report continued success in their expert rifle shooting feats, in addition to the introduction of music and comedy, which is also a feature of this novel act.

Salmon and Chester, known as the "Australian Laughing Team," who are supporting America's famous comedian, James B. Mackie, in his own successful comedy, "Grimes' Cellar Door," report meeting with success, both in the play and their specialty,

~~~~~  
IT'S A CINCH TO WIN  
When you play poker if you will study the game. Get that great little book *Poker; How to Win, and Look it Over.* Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents extra.

which is a strong one. They do not expect to come back to New York until Feb. 12, when they play Tony Pastor's Theatre, after which they sail for England and Australia.

Joe Edmonds has closed a series of engagements on the Keith circuit.

Leo and Munroe, eccentric comedians and novelty clog dancers, are playing the Inter-State circuit.

Maude White will soon be seen in vaudeville on the Keith circuit, in the sketch, "Locked Out at 3 A. M."

Billy Beard, the Party from the South, is meeting with success with Haverly's Minstrels, now on the Coast.

Monroe and Pecore, who recently closed a season of thirty-five weeks, will rest at their home until next Spring.

Al Burke has joined McGreevy, late of McGreevy and Merchall, and will be hereafter known as McGreevy and Burke.

Jacobs and Van Tyle are on the Mozart circuit, and report meeting with success. They have other good work to follow.

The Vardelles are making good with their latest comedy sketch, entitled "Jimmie, the Actor," which is a scream from start to finish.

William McEvoy, late of Burke and McEvoy, has joined hands with Eddie Hughes, and since last June the act has been known as McEvoy and Hughes, not Burke and McEvoy.

Staley and Birbeck intend to retire from the show business, and are considering offers for converting their transformation act into a three-act burlesque, musical comedy or melodrama.

William Marston, manager of Washington Society Girls, who has engaged Charlie Johnson, German comique, and Elsa Leslie, reports business has been phenomenal over the Cort circuit.

Shanahan, Rippitt, Lonz and Perrone have formed a quartette, and have been engaged by Sam Devere's Burlesque Company, for the season. Next season they will make their first appearance in vaudeville.

Joseph Dalley, who has been a member of the stock company at the Academy, Milwaukee, the past season, will enter the vaudeville field, assisted by Lonna Nelson, in a comedy sketch, entitled "Human Nature."

Glady (Taylor) Sears will star next season in a new musical comedy, entitled "A Female Reporter," introducing the character of Nellie Bly, which she is making a success of this season with the Alcazar Beauties.

The Gillette Sisters who are now making quite a success in vaudeville, have been booked by Sydney Hyman, through Pitrot & Girard, for three months in South Africa, opening June 25, 1906, in Johannesburg.

The Wilson Trio have played the Inter-State Amusement circuit seven weeks, through Texas, and report success in their comedy Dutch act. They leave for Oklahoma, then go to New Orleans, on the Orpheum circuit.

Annie Goldie, contralto, Negro delineator and Hebrew impersonator, opened at the Thirty-first Street Theatre, Chicago, as principal soubrette, and has been very successful. She has been retained for the rest of the season.

Tommy Lyons, formerly of the team of Lyons and White, after closing two successful weeks at Linn's Museum, Buffalo, N. Y., signed with Ed Klidder's Big Vaudeville Company, for the season, now playing through Eastern New York.

John and Alice McDowell, who have been especially engaged by Gordon & Bennett, to originate the comedy parts and do their specialty in Gordon & Bennett's new play "The Tollers," opened with the company New Year's Day, at Marion, Ind.

Maggie McCann, the child actress, has joined hands with Harrington and Primrose, in their new sketch, which they will shortly produce in vaudeville over the big Eastern circuits. The sketch will prove a success by the addition of this talented child.

David L. Irwin is no longer connected with the team of Mayer and Irwin. He has his single singing act, and reports meeting with great success. He will join a well-known quartette very shortly, which is now with one of the Eastern Wheel burlesque shows.

Walter Levina, the tramp magician, after playing a year and a half on the Pacific Coast, has returned to the middle West. His success on the Coast, he reports, has been fine, and he has lost only three weeks (making jumps) in seventy-five weeks of continued work.

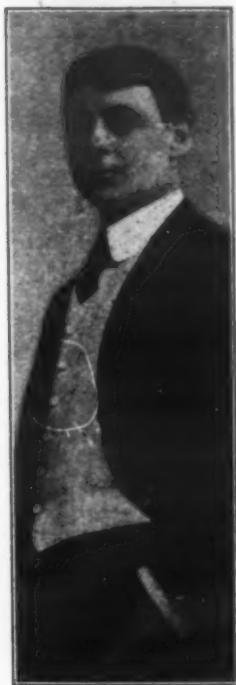
After playing fifteen weeks for the Western Vaudeville Association, the Musical Goolmans open at the Majestic Theatre, Hot Springs, Ark., for a seven weeks' engagement over the Inter-State Vaudeville circuit, through Texas. They are booked solid until March, 1906.

'Cycling Zanoras, knockabout comedy cyclists, who are a special vaudeville feature with the Dot Karroll Company, report meeting with great success. The team has imported from Clement & Palmer, Paris, France, a new electrical bicycle, on which they perform while the stage and house lights are out, the only light being on their bicycle and bodies. The act has been booked for the Hippodrome, London, Eng., for six weeks, commencing May 7.

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# Gay New York by Night and Day



IKE SWIFT.

A turn of the wrist, a misstep, a moment too late or a moment too soon might have made this story a tragedy—one of the kind that gets into the papers with big, glaring headlines.

But nothing of the kind happened, and it turned out to be neither more nor less than a bit of pathetic comedy, with an Old Homestead sort of an end, and really an ordinary affair, because it is rather common.

I was in at the finish, which came one night on Broadway, where a good many finishes are pulled off, but I'll not tell it that way. I'll begin at the beginning, like the real writers do.

What is known among the profession as a fly-

by-night show went on the road this season to pick up a few dollars in the rural districts and among the musicians was a flip looking young fellow whose business it was to play the drum when he wasn't doing a turn on the stage. He was a handy man around a show house because of the variety of his accomplishments, and he was clever enough to have gone with a really good outfit.

After they had been out about three weeks they hit the quiet little village of Morris Plains, N. J., where they put on repertoire at ten, twenty and thirty.

And right here the story begins.

On the aisle seat in the second row sat about as nice a looking girl as any fellow would like to see, and the first jump out of the box she caught the eye of the slick drummer. He knew his business when it came to flirting and he made it his business in every town the show played. But with this girl he was a little more interested than usual.

All through the play he smiled at her, and from the first act until the curtain went down she was smiling back at him. You fellows who read this know how it is done, so there is no use of my going into details.

Before the last of the audience had filed out the drummer was on the spot in the foyer, and with all the assurance of a man who had known her since childhood he walked up to her and said:

"Why, hello, Kid, how's things? Let's go and get something to eat, I'm half starved."

That was a bit too fast for her, but before she knew what was coming off he had her by the arm, and they were heading for a restaurant. It wasn't much of a place, as restaurants go, but there was a place to sit down and talk, as well as a chance to get something to eat.

It took him about five minutes to find out that her home was in a little town called Sugar Run, so small that it wasn't even worth putting on the map, and that she had left it for a while to study to become a nurse.

"Why, you'll die out here and never know it," he remarked, airily. "What you want to do is to come to New York and I'll put you in the business. I'm next to all the managers; half of them are my personal friends. Why, Belasco and my uncle used to go to school together in 'Frisco, and Dave told me just before I left that I could have anything I wanted if I would only say the word. You just come along and I'll put you on with Blanche Bates—nice girl, Blanche is—you and she will get along like twin sisters."

She said she would like it very much and that she would think it over.

"Think it over?" he exclaimed. "Don't think; you don't have to. Just do as I say and you'll come out all right. Of course, I don't mean for you to come right away, but wait until I get back and I'll send for you. That will give me a chance to see the boys—Billy Brady and the rest. Do I know Brady? Well, I should say I did. I'm one of the few that remember Brady when he was out on the Coast peddling shoe strings. He didn't amount to much then, but he's all right now. He married Grace George. Do I know them? Well, little girl, you leave it all to me and if you ain't getting all kinds of money in just about one year from now, you can call me anything you like."

With a line of talk like that together with a lunch that was rather appetizing, is it any wonder that the girl lost track of the time and was suddenly confronted with the fact that the front doors of the shack at which she boarded were closed hard and fast on the stroke of 12:30 every night, and that the delinquent might rap loud and long, but there would be no answer. That after that hour it would be like gaining

## The Pretty Little Country Girl From Sugar Run Who Wanted to go on the Stage and be a Star.

### IN LOVE WITH THE FELLOW WITH THE DRUM

A Bit of "Old Homestead" and James A. Herne Drama in Real Life, Brought to a Climax on Broadway, With a Finish That is a Hit.

No. 10.

entrance to the kingdom of heaven to pass those barriers of good old Jersey oak.

Notice how the thing works itself up into a proper climax and fate plays in the hand of the wicked one.

He told her he would marry her and he told her a thousand other things more or less, but that made no difference, and then the next day the show moved on. But before it left he promised to send for her.

For a while the mails carried their letters back and forth, and finally there came to her one day a note telling her it was all right; that everything was fixed, and that she was to come to New York as soon as she could get her trunk packed and on the train.

She had been looking for this kind of a letter for a long time, and when it really came at last it took her

themselves, if she would tell them herself, and her recital would no doubt be very interesting.

She forgot everything in the thought that she was really going to be an actress at last, and she even forgot her old daddy, back on the place at Sugar Run. All that was in her mind was the stage, and she dreamed that she was a star and the city was covered with her pictures.

The first town they played in was New Haven and she had a bad case of stage fright; it was so bad that it almost queered the show. Anyhow, it may have started the hoodoo working, for at Hartford there wasn't enough money in the house to buy ham sandwiches for the performers, much less pay needed car fare, and things were coming their way pretty bad.



WHEN THE LETTER CAME SHE PACKED HER TRUNK TO GO TO THE CITY.

no time at all to finish her packing and head for the big city of hopes. She told her friends all about her good luck, and it was her telling them that probably saved her in the end.

He met her at the station and steered her to a second rate hotel just as if they had been married for years. When he came to register as man and wife she protested and wanted a separate room, but he overruled her and said there would be a ceremony as soon as they got out on the road with the show.

He had really signed her and himself with a cheap melodrama that was going out to play one-night stands. The fact that she had never been on the stage in her life made no difference, and he was going to give her a chance to see what she could do.

Her theatrical experiences would make a story in

**AN EXPERT POKER PLAYER**  
Who sits in a game will always bring home the money. You can do the same thing if you will get a copy of *Poker: How to Win*. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents extra.

The stage wasn't the beautiful place she had pictured it, and it was quite different from anything she had ever before thought of. She was slowly but surely becoming disenchanted, and the only thing that held her was her affection for the gay fellow with the drum who was an artist when it came to painting dazzling pictures of the future. He looked after her on the road about as well as a man of that calibre could be expected to look after a woman, and it was something, for the other girls of the outfit were having a hard time of it, and it was a hard scratch to get from one town to the other in any kind of shape. Any road show is a tough proposition, and one that is playing to bad business or no business at all is about as near hell as anyone can get without actually breaking through the crust.

The finish came at Middletown, when there wasn't a trunk left with the show, and here is where the drummer's wisdom and experience showed itself, and he made one of the hits of his life.

By reason of previous experience he had seen what was coming, and he knew it was inevitable, so a little

at a time he had been saving up, and borrowing here and there. The result was a carefully hoarded bank roll that meant two tickets to New York with a few dollars to the good, and so they were the first to slip away.

They arrived at night and put up in a furnished room, the kind that retails for about \$2.50 a week.

Here the scene changes to Broadway at night; the time is the present, and the lights along the line are burning their brightest, while the bunch is out taking it all in.

The drummer and the pretty girl with the stage aspirations are walking slowly northward, and from the look in her eyes he is telling her some interesting story of good times to come. She is a trifle thinner than when she got the letter telling her to come to the city prepared to be a star, but she is just as good looking as ever, and many an old-timer turns around and takes a second glance at her, and no one can blame the m either.

Half a dozen blocks away, traveling South, is an old man who doesn't belong on this street. His feet are not used to pavements like these. It doesn't take a bull from Headquarters to tell that he is anxious and worried, and that he is searching for some one.

His old legs have carried him about three weary blocks more when he suddenly comes upon the drummer and the girl.

The sight makes him suddenly stiffen up like a soldier on dress parade, and he takes two steps back to the line of the building.

One browned hand is rubbed across his eyes as if he were afraid his vision had played him some cruel trick, and then when he is quite sure that he has seen aright he starts to rush forward, holds himself in check, and then stepping quietly up beside her, says in a tone that few can hear:

"Jenny, I've come for you."

Here was a situation for a James Herne play, and if that famous actor had ever repeated a line like that in a climax of that kind, he would have brought down the house.

The man from Sugar Run held out one hand to her as if she were a little girl, and as his lower lip trembled two big tears ran down the furrows of age in his cheeks.

"Won't you come home with me?"

Her companion held her as she started to go forward, but she wrenched herself free, and took her father by the arm.

"I'm so glad you found me, Daddy, I wanted to go home all along."

"She's all right," interposed the drummer, "why don't you leave her alone? What right have you got to interfere?"

And this was on Broadway, too, at its busiest hour.

He talked a bit louder than he had intended, and the inevitable crowd began to gather around the three principals.

"This is my little girl," spoke up the old man dramatically, "and she was a good girl. No matter if she ain't now, I believe in her just the same, and I've got a home for her to go to and I'm going to take her to it."

He put his arm around her as if he expected she was to be taken from him forcibly, and she didn't resist.

"Come on, Kid, break away from this," remarked the drummer, "we don't want a mob around. Let's go somewhere and talk it over."

"I think I'll go home with Daddy," she answered, as a policeman came shouldering his way through the curious ones.

"What's the matter here with you people—what's all the trouble?"

"No trouble at all, sir," said the old man; "only I've come to New York to take my girl home. She ran away with that fellow there."

"Well, I think the best thing youse people can do is to go 'round to the House, and see the sergeant about this. Come on," and with that he took a wrist hold on the drummer and the others followed.

Then so far as gay Broadway was concerned the incident was closed and forgotten in an hour.

But back in Sugar Run, which, from the name of it, I know must be a nice, quaint, quiet country town, Daddy is with his girl and she is beginning all over again. She doesn't want any more shows or theatres or actors—just Daddy and home, which, after all, is about the best thing any girl can have.

*Ike Swift.*

Next Week's Story will be an interesting one. Order in advance.

DO YOU KNOW HOW TO BREATHE?

If not, you can easily learn from Prof. Ittmann's book on Physical Culture and Breathing. Illustrated. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents extra.

THE BEAUTIFUL BIANCA is the Subject of an ELEGANT FREE SUPPLEMENT NEXT WEEK





LULU SHEPARD, A BEAUTY OF THE AMERICAN STAGE.



NELL HAWTHORNE, OF THE CHARMING HAWTHORNE SISTERS.



Photo by Baker Art Gallery: Columbus, Ohio.

NELLIE HARVEY, WHO IS ONE OF OUR FAVORITE SINGERS.



Photo by Chickering: Boston.

MLLE. STICKNEY, THE QUEEN OF THE BAREBACK RIDERS.

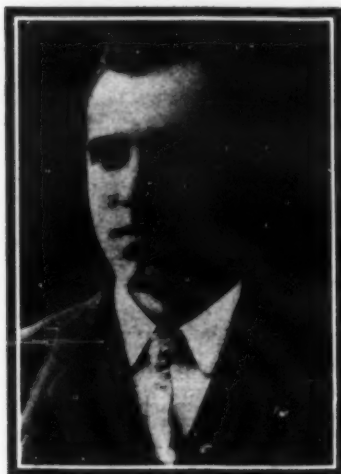
HERE ARE FOUR QUEENS.  
INTEREST IN THESE PICTURES LIES IN THE FACT THAT IT SHOWS HOW SOME WOMEN SIT.





DRINK MIXERS ON AN OUTING.

MEMBERS OF BARTENDERS LOCAL 569, OF CUMBERLAND, MD., ON THE OCCASION OF THEIR THIRD ANNUAL OUTING—THEY ARE ALL POLICE GAZETTE READERS.



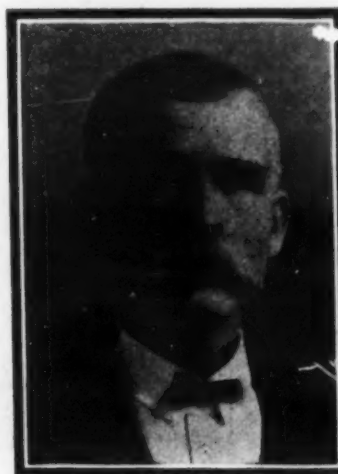
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POPULAR SALOONIST OF  
VALLEJO, CAL.



**J. COLLIER.**  
HAS A FINE CAFE AT  
OAKLAND, CAL.



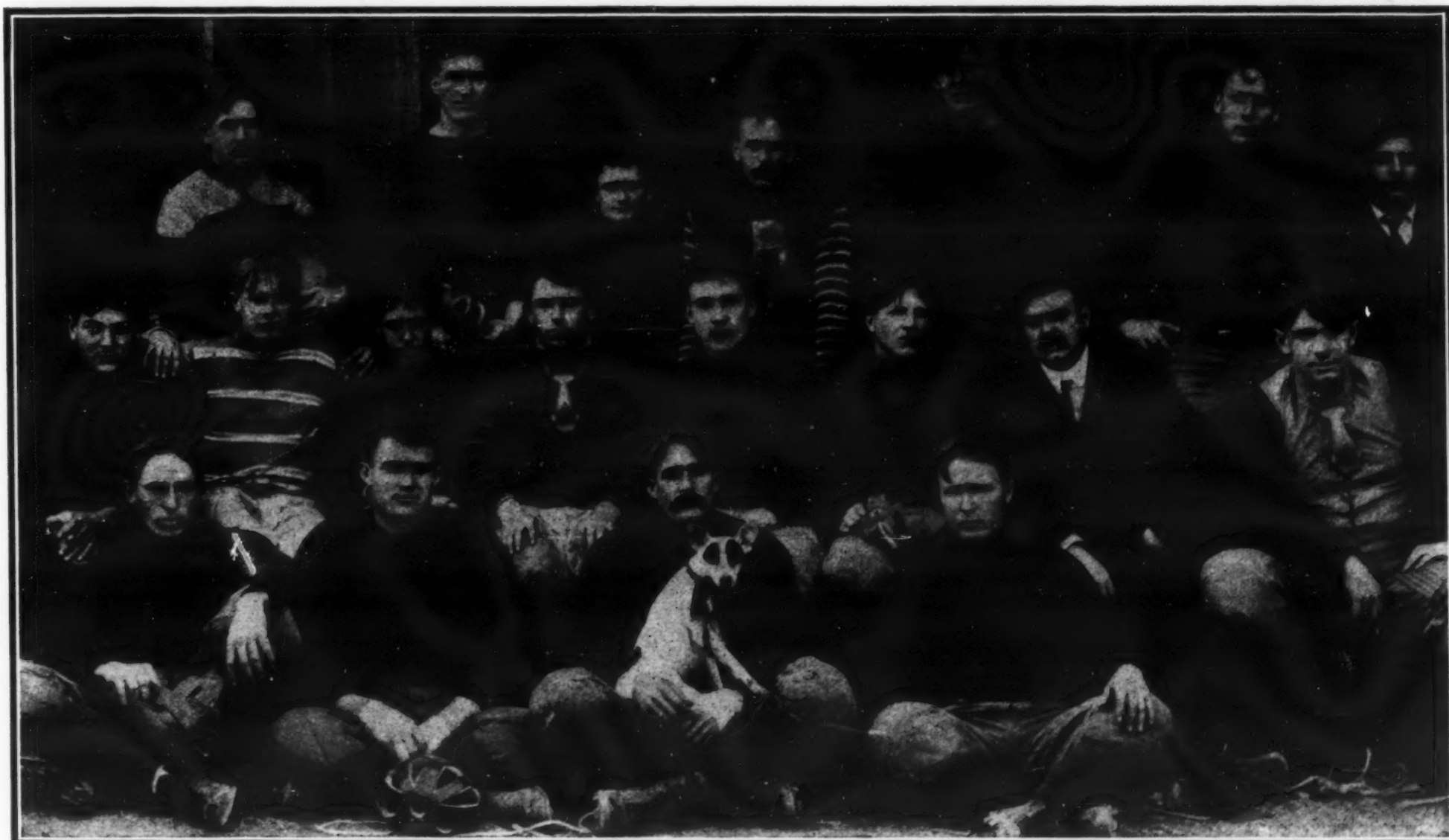
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SPORTING SALOONMAN  
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OWNS DAVY CROCKETT  
CAFE, VALLEJO, CAL.



**R. C. ULMER.**  
OWNS THE GILT EDGE  
CAFE, VALLEJO, CAL.



A BUNCH OF HUSKY PLAYERS.

THE SAMOSET FOOTBALL TEAM OF VALLEJO, CAL., WHICH HAS DONE SOME GOOD WORK ON THE GRIDIRON DURING THE PAST SEASON AND STAND READY TO REPEAT.



# MANY FIGHTS IN MANY RINGS

Everybody Who Can Put Up His Hands and Make a Fair Showing Has a Chance These Days.

## BOXING GAME BOOMING IN GREATER NEW YORK

Greenwood was a Cinch--A Jiu-Jitsu Man Wins from a Wrestler in Atlanta, Ga.  
Farmer Burns of Iowa is Still Making Good on the Mat.

There were good bouts at the Richmond County A. C., Stapleton, Staten Island, on Dec. 20. Johnny Burnes, of the New West Side A. C., met Al Greenwood in the main encounter. Burnes had no trouble in beating Greenwood. The other contests furnished plenty of excitement and the referee, Gus Ruhlman, had all he could do to part the belligerents.

Young Goldman lost to Jeff O'Connell; Otto Roth and Dave Oliver, heavyweights, fought a draw; George Hoey succeeded in beating Young Doban on points; Charley Goldman and Young Jones figured in a draw; Howard Smith smashed Lew Sheppard with both hands, beating him without trouble; Kid Black felled Tommy Martin into landing and knocked him out in the second round; Bob Adler and Barney Wilson were on even terms; Bert Keyes had a shade over Emergency Kelly, of Boston, and Harry Engle and Jim Moran fought a draw.

The contests on the mat were between John Harold and Charles Muller and Joe Ramsey and John Miller at catch-as-catch-can. It took Harold sixteen minutes to throw Muller, while Ramsey applied a hammerlock and defeated his man in twenty-nine seconds.

### OLIVER EASY FOR O'LEARY.

Walter O'Leary and Dave Oliver, heavyweights, figured in the main event at the Hamilton A. C., New York City, on Dec. 20. The men started off as if they intended to annihilate each other. O'Leary began operations with a right swing on Oliver's nose, bringing the blood. He kept smashing Oliver all over the ring, and the round was cut short to save Oliver. The second and third rounds were limited to two minutes, O'Leary doing all of the fighting. It was O'Leary's mill.

Young Zahmen beat Young Stone, Kid Wilson trounced Kid Strauss, Young Kelly and Young Thomas fought a lively draw, Young O'Leary outpointed Jimmy Lowe, Fred Mahlen and Jimmy Sullivan were on even terms, as were Tommy Lowery and Jim Sullivan; Jim Hanlon put James Madden away in three rounds, John Kiely and Young Kenny mixed it up to a draw.

### MORAN HUSTLED LEE.

Jack Lee, the local lightweight, was one of the contenders in his own club, the Bleeker A. C., New York, on Dec. 20, meeting Tony Moran, a well built Italian, in a three-round bout. Lee did not have the least trouble in outpointing Moran, who did a lot of rushing and roughing.

Tommy Daly, of Baltimore, met Jack Lowery, of New York. This was an interesting scrap, both using all their skill and strength to score a knockout. In the estimation of most of those present Lowery had a slight advantage.

In the preliminaries Young Todd and Young Costello drew, Joe Yar outpunched Joe Lewis, the Brooklyn Slasher knocked out Peter Boulit, while Tommy Todd made Joe Lewis quit in the second round.

### O'BRIEN BESTED O'TOOLE.

Rouse O'Brien, of Boston, had a shade the better of Tommy O'Toole in the windup at the National A. C., Philadelphia, on Dec. 18. The contest was a hummer from start to finish. Both willing and game, and aggressive, there never was an idle moment. One was always carrying the mulling to the other.

In the second round O'Brien waited for O'Toole to lead and then swished his right across with a vicious counter. One of these blows caught O'Toole on the cheekbone, as he was coming in and staggered him. It made him cautious for the remainder of the fight.

Again in the fifth, O'Brien met Tommy coming in and sent him to the mat with a vicious right-hander to the jaw, but he was no sooner down than he was up. He rushed O'Brien hard and fast, but O'Brien was equal to the job. At the end O'Toole seemed to be a shade the worst of it.

### O'ROURKE AND SULLIVAN'S BOUT.

Charley O'Rourke, of Cambridge, and Tommy Sullivan, of Lawrence, fought a terrific eight-round catch-weight draw at the Opera House, Woonsocket, R. I., on Dec. 18. Hard fighting began in the first round and continued to the end, when O'Rourke put Sullivan through the ropes and the gong ended the contest after a couple of clinches. Sully was the aggressor in the first seven rounds and was in fine shape.

In the seventh round Sullivan began a fierce attack, but O'Rourke came strong in the last round, showing his old-time form. He had steam to burn and his heavy swings to Sully's body nearly won a decision.

### BERNSTEIN DRAWS WITH DALY.

Joe Bernstein met Tommy Daly, of Baltimore, in a three-round windup at the Remsen A. C., New York, Dec. 18.

They lost no time in coming together. Joe rushed and landed a left hook to the cheek. Daly reached the body with the left and Joe landed on the neck with the left. Daly landed a left to the wind and followed the punch with a jab on the nose bringing the blood. Daly uppercuted Joe on the chest, and Bernstein got home a

right on the mouth in a mixup. Bernstein roughed it in the third and beat Daly about the body, but came near being put away with a left swing that missed his jaw by a hair. Daly had the better of the first two rounds, but Bernstein did all the work in the final round and was entitled to a draw.

Patsy Haley, of Buffalo, went on with Emergency Kelly, of Boston. Haley's cleverness apparently has not deserted him, for he scored point after point. Both indulged in close range fighting in the third. Kelly put the right on the jaw, while Haley evened it up with a blow under the heart. The outcome was a draw.

The opening bout furnished a clean knockout, the principals being Frank Borden and Young Lewis.

house. Thorne insisted that he had been hit below the belt, but the claim was not allowed.

From the start Palmer fought for Thorne's wind and in the second round he had him in distress. Thorne came back strong in the third, but a continuation of the body punishment had him in a bad way until the final blow was landed.

Opinion was divided as to the merit of the victory, and it was generally believed that Palmer really did land the winning punch below the belt.

The men fought for \$500 a side, a purse of \$750, and the heavyweight championship of England.

### JIU-JITSU MAN WON.

A wrestling match between S. Marburger, an American, and E. Maida, a Japanese exponent of Jiu-Jitsu, was held before an audience that packed the Grand Opera House, at Atlanta, Ga., on Dec. 19.

The Jap won the first and third falls in twelve and eight minutes, respectively. Marburger took the second fall, catch-as-catch-can, in twenty-eight minutes.

You can learn Jiu-Jitsu if you will buy one of the books on the subject published by Richard K. Fox.

### DELMONT WAS TOO HEAVY.

Al Delmont, of Medford, and Kid Murphy, of New York, scheduled for fifteen rounds drew a big crowd at the Rhode Island A. C., at Thornton, R. I., on Dec. 19.

Delmont got the decision over Murphy after twelve rounds of hard and clever boxing. He fought with all the aggressiveness that he has shown in his previous bouts, but he had his work cut out for him by the shifty little New Yorker. It was Murphy's first appearance

matched at 122 pounds. Blink McClosky and Al Greenwood divided the honors evenly, and Jimmy Ryan and Kid Curley put up a good scrap. Jack Goodman and Bert Keyes gave a scientific exhibition, and got the greatest amount of applause of the evening.

### FARMER BURNS STILL GOOD.

Farmer Burns took two out of three falls in his match with Albert Carlson, the Terrible Swede, of Minnesota, at Kansas City, Mo., Dec. 19. The one fall credited to the Swede looked like a gift. At no time did he show himself to be in Burns' class. The fifty-five pounds difference in weight in Carlson's favor appeared to be more of a handicap than an advantage. The man from the North looked beefy rather than muscular.

Burns won the toss and chose catch-as-catch-can for the first bout, winning with a half Nelson and shoulder lock in fourteen minutes. Carlson named Graco-Roman for the second bout and from the opening it was apparent that Burns was playing for time. After sixteen minutes Carlson got a half Nelson and Burns, who wiggled out of a dozen tighter place, allowed himself to be thrown. A half crotch and a half Nelson won the concluding bout and the match for Burns in eleven minutes.

### SCHROETER WALLOPED.

Pat Schroeter, lightweight, was wallowed into dreamland with a pretty right uppercut to the jaw in the third round of his battle with Paddy Lavin, at Buffalo, N. Y., on Dec. 18. The boys boxed for a big side bet before fully five hundred sports in the arena of the Washington A. C. Lavin was twice as clever and carried a knockout punch in either hand.

### LENNY DISLIKES PUNCHES.

Pete Burke and Frank Lenny were carded as the real feature at the Sampson A. C., at Coney Island, on Dec. 18, and Burke came away with the decision. It was a very clever exhibition, with honors about even until the gong sounded for the third round. In that session Burke waded in desperately and, landing a hard right to the nose, he dropped Lenny. It was not a knockout, but Lenny was willing to have it go that way, and he remained on his hands and knees until the ten seconds expired.

The bout between Jack Davis and Tony French was full of steam, and it was a slugging match from the start. Twice it was the bell that saved the day for one or the other of them, and just before the end of the session Davis put French away for keeps.

### WINS EASILY.

The 1906 "Police Gazette Sporting Annual," just out. Bigger and better than ever. Over 170 pages of records and 30 full-page illustrations. See page 2 of this issue.

### PIERCE HAD A SHADE ON FELTZ

Tommy Feltz and Young Pierce, of Germantown, furnished a lively windup at the reopening of the Frankford A. C., Philadelphia, on Dec. 18, and at the end of six rounds of very fast milling Pierce came out with a shade the better of the argument. Young Devine was stopped by Kid Hagen in the third round, and young Tommy Coleman sent the Alabama fighting machine the same voyage in as many rounds, while Tommy Gray knocked out Kid Girard in the fourth. Sammy Wood did the same thing to Jack Douglas.

### PUGILISTIC DOINGS.

Jimmy Britt may take on a fight with Abe Attell.

About twenty clubs are giving three-round bouts in New York.

Eddie Santry realized \$400 on the benefit tendered him in Milwaukee recently.

Danny Lynch easily defeated Young Hennessy in two rounds at Napa, Cal., recently.

Kid Grant recently knocked out Young Choyanski, at Stockton, Cal., in the tenth round.

Harry Senter, the exploded Dark Secret, is going to New York to engage in three-round bouts.

George and Jimmy Gardiner have returned to their home in Lowell, Mass., from the Pacific Coast.

Digger Stanley, the English bantam, may come to this country in the near future to meet Jimmy Walsh again.

Eddie Hanlon has announced his retirement from the ring, and is going in business at San Francisco, Cal.

Patsy Haley, a few years ago one of the best bantams, is in New York boxing in three-round preliminary bouts.

Willie Lewis, the New York welterweight, is at San Francisco training for his coming battle with Willie Fitzgerald.

Paddy Nee, the Pittsburg featherweight, broke his wrist during his fight with Young O'Leary, of Kalamazoo, Mich.

Hoek Keys, the Australian lightweight champion, is another Grifo in cleverness, and is anxious to visit England and America.

Tim Hegarty, the ex-featherweight champion, is listed to box Ed Savral, before a Sydney club. Hegarty talks of revisiting America. Savral recently defeated Bill Maher in the second round at Ballarat.

Joe Humphreys has declined the offer of a \$3,500 purse made by Al Herford for a bout between Terry McGovern and Kid Sullivan. Humphreys says he would not let McGovern meet Sullivan for \$10,000.

At Baltimore, Md., recently, Jimmy McGrath forced Kid White, of Pittsburg, to quit. In the third round of their fight before the Chesapeake A. C. In the preliminaries Kid McBride beat Kid Thomas in three rounds, and George Metcalf worsted Ben Hardisty in two rounds.

### DEVELOP YOUR CHEST

By correct breathing. Prof. Ittmann shows you how in No. 2 of Fox's Athletic Library. Illustrated. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents extra, mailed direct from this office.



Photo by Elite Studio - San Francisco

EUGENE E. SCHMITZ.

The Popular Mayor of San Francisco, Cal., who is now Serving His Third Term in that Office and who is Talked of as the Next Gubernatorial Candidate.

After one minute of fighting in the second round, Lewis was knocked out with a right swing on the jaw. Kid House and Mike Murray fought a draw. House was bleeding from the nose at the bell. Tony Moran outpointed Bill Smith. Two bantams, Young Carney and Terry Rogers, were prevented from finishing the first round of their bout for faking. Walter Delaney punched Young Brennan so hard in the third round that the referee called a halt to prevent a knockout.

### GILBERT FOULED MACK.

After three rounds of fast and furious fighting at Baltimore, on Dec. 18, Kid Gilbert, a Quaker City boxer of note, committed a foul on Young Mack, of Chester, Pa., and the referee promptly decided Mack the winner.

### WON ENGLISH CHAMPIONSHIP.

Jack Palmer was awarded the heavyweight championship of England by knocking out Geoffrey Thorne in the fourth round, before the National Sporting Club, London, Dec. 18. It was a body blow that ended the battle, and there were loud cries of "foul!" all over the

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REAL PHYSICAL CULTURE

Can be learned from Prof. Ittmann's great book, which is No. 2 of Fox's Athletic Library. Illustrated. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents extra.

In that town, and he certainly made good. In the first three rounds he had Delmont at sea trying to land his left jab and succeeded in planting three hard rights on Del's head. Alent loose in the fourth and fifth and smashed Murphy all over the ring, the New Yorker clinching at every opportunity.

The sixth was a rattler, Murphy going at Delmont from the start. He planted his right hand on Del's forehead, and before the Medford boy could cover up, Murphy nailed him with two terrific left wallops on the jaw.

Murphy missed two awful right swings in the ninth, falling each time. Del helped him up, and then smashed him twice with the left on the nose and right eye, drawing blood.

The records of both men will be found in the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" for 1906; six two-cent stamps brings it to your address by mail.

SMITH AND LENNY BREAK EVEN.

The principal bout at the Hudson A. C. was between Sammy Smith and Harry Lenny. Smith was the aggressor from the beginning, but Lenny recovered, and in the last honors were even.

Johnny Carroll and Kid Williams gave a clever exhibition. Carroll had the better of it until the last round, when Williams sailed in and had his man groggy. At the finish, however, Carroll landed a foul blow, which the referee said was an accident.

Jack Ashton and Kid Bensconle were evenly

REFEREE GEORGE SILER

—WHO HAS DECIDED MANY CONTESTS—

TELLS HIS EXPERIENCES

Many Times in Strange Towns He Has Been
Thought to be an Impostor.

VERY OFTEN WAS THREATENED WITH BODILY HARM

His Small Stature Has Deceived Many People Who Expected a Man at Least
Six Feet Tall to Climb Over the Ropes.

Referee George Siler tells an interesting story of his experiences which is worth reading. Here is what he says:

"There are times when one who is prominent in his profession and spoken of the world over labors under the impression that he should be known in person as well as by name and reputation in any old burg which he happens to step foot in. Such may be the case in large cities among the sports, especially those who keep close enough tab on pugilism to talk intelligently of the doings of all the fighters of note, and who are imbued with the idea they are on speaking terms with the fighters, and the gent who officiates as referee, but not in small burghs.

"Having acted as arbiter of fights, important and unimportant, in nearly every city in the country large enough to receive honorable mention on the maps, I became inflated with the idea that I was one of the best known men on this continent, and that I could not swing off a train at any jerkwater town on any road without meeting some one who would greet me as an old-time friend. The inflation, heretofore mentioned, took full possession of my five feet six inches of anatomy before my experience in Sandusky, Ohio, where, after being placed on exhibition for twelve hours by a fight promoter named Smith, to whom I was engaged as the star attraction for a fight he pulled off, I practically was accused of being a ringer. The frosty reception tendered me in that Ohio town caused a noticeable shrinkage in my self-importance and convinced me that the United States was large enough to move about in without my rubbing elbows with any man in it. It made me determine never again to be hoodwinked into meeting and being introduced to every prominent citizen in town, as my friend in Sandusky induced me to do, so when a few weeks later I received a call to go to Lexington, Ky., to sit in judgment over a battle between George Stout and Johnny Van Heest, I mapped out a plan whereby the sports and the respected citizens would not adjudge me an impostor until after I had worked my referee stunt on them.

"My plan was to steal into town, meet that promoter who had engaged me at my hotel, and demand I be kept under cover until presented in the ring. Fully determined to adhere to my self-imposed proposition, I hiked to the train, and upon arriving at the station at Lexington I was surprised to see a crowd of at least 300 awaiting my arrival. The sight of the large reception committee almost made me lose faith in myself, but after taking a hooker from a glass receptacle which I was careful to stow away in my hip pocket before leaving Chicago, I ducked the crowd by swinging off the train on the side opposite the depot and walked leisurely to the Phoenix Hotel, where I registered and was assigned to a room. As it was the last train that could reach the city in time for the fight, the promoter of the contest, a man named Marks, as I learned afterwards, was beside himself with rage at being disappointed, and, I presume the crowd said some naughty things about me. It was a mean trick, I must admit, but the Sandusky affair was still sticking in my crop, and I was not seeking a reputation of it. After being shown to my room I stripped to clean up, and as I was digging the dust and cinders out of my eyes and ears a rap came at the door, and upon my invitation to step in the door opened and a half dozen sports swarmed in.

"Excuse us," said the leader. "We made a mistake. That is, we got into the wrong room. We were informed that Mr. Siler was here, and we are looking for him."

"With that they backed out of the room, but halted and re-entered, when I replied: 'I am Mr. Siler.'

"Not Mr. Siler, the man who refereed the big fight at Carson City," said the spokesman in apparent astonishment.

"The same," I said.

"Well, well," he replied. "We expected to see a larger man. A man fully six feet tall and built in proportion. We have seen your pictures in the papers, from which we judged you a big, husky, sporty looking

man. But we suppose you are the goods, so come down as soon as you fix up and we will tote you around town, and let the sports see that you are here. We missed you at the depot and it is being reported all over town that you had thrown us down.

"With these remarks they left the room, and that before I had time to tell them I did not care to be placed on exhibition. I still was determined to keep well within myself until I entered the ring, but a few minutes later another bunch of sports trotted in and practically carried me out of the room and down to the liquor refreshment board of the hotel, where a crowd of about fifty and several quarts of cold grape juice awaited me. After assisting in depleting the bar stock of about a case of the stuff that makes a man forget his home and family, I was like putty in the hands of a glazier and willing to be steered anywhere. Although there was not a man in the crowd that had ever laid his eyes on me, my identity was not doubted; still Promoter Marks would have felt more at ease had someone bumped into me with a 'How do you do, Mr. Siler?' and with that in mind he suggested a tour of the wet goods emporiums.

"I was in fine spirits about this time and hoped, as did Marks, I would meet an acquaintance, but after making the rounds thrice over I gave it up.

"The Sandusky feeling was beginning to creep over me, and I am sure Marks and the crowds that did the joints with us thought it strange my acquaintances were so limited. About 6 o'clock I ran into Jack Chinn, the well-known turfman, who grasped my mitt, pump-handled my arm, and declared to the crowd that I was it.

"Marks' face brightened as if he had received a seven-figure check from Rockefeller, and I felt as if he had cut it in two with me. It was a close call, and we put Jack under the table for saving the show. I was



KID CORBETT (CHAS. SCALLON).

A Hard-hitter of Hambleton, W. Va., who is anxious to
Make a Match for a Side Bet with Any of the Good Ones.

not so fortunate in a small Indiana town, where a week later, I was slated to select the winner of a fight between a cheap pair of scrappers. Neither the promoter of the show nor the fighters had ever set eyes on me, and I did not give the populace a chance to look

PHYSICAL CULTURE

And Breathing Exercises are combined in Prof. Ittmann's great illustrated book: No. 2 of Fox's Famous Physical Culture Library. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents extra.

me over, fearing my appearance might be against me, to the detriment of the box office receipts. I stuck as close to the hotel as possible during the hours intervening between my arrival in the town and the hour set for the fight, so I practically was a stranger to the promoter, the fighters, and the spectators when I crawled through the ropes to do my stunt.

"I met with a fairly good reception, all things considered, but I noticed one of the scrappers, a fresh sort of youngster, who, as I saw during the mill, could not fight fast enough to keep the flies off him, eyed me rather suspiciously, and while instructing him regarding the rules, he said something to me about being a butter-in. The promoter also had his doubts as to my being the original, simon pure, blown in the bottle George Siler, but he had the sense and the good judgment not to shoot off his mouth.

"The fight, like the majority of the cheap fights that are pulled off in small towns, was a lopsided affair, with the suspicious scrapper being beat to a frazzle. It went the limit of fifteen rounds, and at the final gong I decided against the fresh youngster. The decision met with the approval of the spectators, but not with the loser, who cut loose as follows:

"'Wat's dat?' he shouted, loud enough to be heard all over the house, 'you give the fight to dat guy, after I beat his head off? Who told you you could referee a fight? You don't know a fight from a frankfurter sausage. You're a ringer dats w'at you are. You're a fine stiff to come in dis town and say you are George Siler. I know Siler as good as I do me own moth'r'n if he was here he would give me the fight over that bloke by a mile.'

"'Anything else, sonny?' I said.

"'Not till I get you outside, then I'll hand you a few,' he replied.

"'Remember,' I said, 'you lost one fight, so be careful you do not lose another, with no loser's end.'

"I guess that took all the fight out of him, as I saw him and his seconds about an hour later, drinking out of a can, and when he spied me he invited me to stick my nose in the froth."

DWYER--MOWATT.

Tommy Mowatt, the fighting conductor, of Chicago, and Johnny Dwyer, of Perth Amboy, met in the windup at the National A. C., Philadelphia, on Dec. 20. The boys weighed in at 126 pounds at six o'clock. Dwyer defeated Mowatt after one of the fiercest six-round contests ever seen at the National. There was nothing to it but fight, mix-up following mix-up. At the end of the third round Mowatt was bleeding badly from a cut over the left eye, and until the end of the bout the blood flowed copiously. The bout is best described by saying that it was one continual mix-up, in which Dwyer had the best of it.

Our Halftone Photos.

The POLICE GAZETTE takes pleasure in printing this week some portraits of Pacific Coast saloon keepers, gathered by Mr. Clarence A. Sabler, its travelling representative.

Owen L. Rose is the owner of the Davy Crockett saloon at 146 Georgia street, Vallejo, Cal., and a veteran in the business.

In the same city, R. C. Ulmer, proprietor of The Gilt-Edge Cafe, at 512 Sacramento street, has a business of which any man might well be proud.

In connection with his saloon at 231 Georgia street, Vallejo, Cal., J. P. Lacerda conducts a Tamale cafe, which is a popular feature with the sports around town.

One of the best-known saloonists of San Francisco, Cal., is H. D. Lee, whose well stocked place is at 480 Jessie street.

All the Golden Gate sports know where Jack Collier's place is at Seventh and Washington streets, Oakland, Cal., and they also know that he delivers good goods.

The bartenders who belong to Local No. 589 of Cumberland, Md., usually have an outing every year. Their pictures taken at Frankfort, W. Va., will be seen on another page. Those there are: William Baker, Frank McAble, Ed Hartung, Orch Longerbeam, Sam Fauble, Charles Comiskey, James Morrissey, Frank Beitmeir, James Benner, Doc Wilkinson, Charles Freeland, Emory Bell, Count Baurne, Anthony Minkie, H. Mackert, Elmer Taylor, Bill Bailey, Charles Mouse, William Keifer, President R. W. Aldon, Bill Wright, Harry Tate and Ed Davis.

Pete is an exceptionally handsome dog (as beauty goes in bulldogs, which is to say that he is unusually ugly), brindle in color and has a massive frame of clean-cut lines. He was bred by Col. R. Eumorphopoulos, attache of the Greek embassy in London, who sold him as a puppy to Major H. Thomson of the British army. Pete is registered No. 1023A on the books of the Kennel Club in London. The secretary of that organization, Mr. W. Boyes, declares that he is the finest specimen of bulldog living. Pete is the son of the famous Diavolo, and his dam was Fanfare, equally famous. His maternal grandsire was Donax, and on the paternal side King Orry. Other notable ancestors are Colleen Bawn, Fantine, Pagan, Coco, Dockleaf, Juliet II, Stockwell and Dona Disdain. The dog will be exhibited at bench shows in this country, where he will come in competition with the best of American bred dogs. His owner expects him to carry off all the honors. A new photograph of the dog, made by Mr. Van der Weyde, his owner, is here reproduced.

CHALLENGES

[The challenge editor will be pleased to publish all legitimate challenges in all sports, such as boxing, wrestling, skating, bowling, swimming, bicycling, walking, running, jumping, etc., etc.]

Eddie Foster, of 721 Vinton street, Toledo, O., challenges any boxers who can make 116-22 pounds.

On behalf of Pat Kirk, of Knoxville, Tenn., I hereby challenge any middleweight in the world. Ed



JOHN WHITMAN (AJAX).

The Famous New York Bicycle Policeman, Champion Weight
Lifter of the Department, who has Police Gazette and
Other Medals which He has Won in Competition.

De Groot, Gene Seward and Dave Peake preferred. Man and money always ready.—J. Lewis Parsons, manager, 51 Lucy street, Atlanta, Ga.

Maurice Blum, of 45 East Tenth street, New York City, known as the Human Anvil, is willing to compete with anyone in the same line of business.

Lewis Parsons, of 115½ West Mitchell street, Atlanta, Ga., will match Andy (Kid) Beekner against any 130-pound boxer, Johnny Morrison preferred.

John Dodds, the roller skater, is ready to make a match with A. P. Pierce for \$25 a side, the distance to be one mile, and the race to take place after Jan. 15.

Kindly state in the "Police Gazette" that I would like to meet Kid Casey, of Philadelphia, at 110 pounds for any number of rounds.—John Ferganters, Augusta, Ga.

Gottfried Sundmark, of 394 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., is a seventeen-year-old boy whose physique is almost perfect. He challenges anyone of his age to equal his measurements.

The Oriole Basketball team of New York, is looking for games with any team in Northern New York averaging 125 pounds, and can be addressed in care of Herbert Obenauer, Greenwich, N. Y.

Ashley S. Johnson, of Washington, D. C., has a 165-pound boxer whom he would like to match with any middleweight, bar none. Johnson also writes that he has a good 105-pound boy who is looking for a match and ready to do business at any time.

Alex Swanson's deft to George Bothner to settle the question of supremacy on the mat for the lightweight title, brought the champion to the POLICE GAZETTE office recently, in anything but a pleasant mood. Bothner contends that Swanson cannot make the lightweight limit, being really a welterweight, and is ready to defend the title against any that can come within the weight.

Fred Beel, the Wisconsin wrestler, who is now in the West, and making it warm for the mat artists in that section of the country, is anxious to meet Tom Jenkins again. His manager, Harvey Parker, writes that Beel is in better shape than ever, and will post \$1,000 with the POLICE GAZETTE to go as a side bet to meet Jenkins. Beel recently made short work of Charley Wittmer in Cincinnati, Ohio.

George Armstrong, manager of Joe Jeanette, the colored middleweight, was a caller at the POLICE GAZETTE office recently, and stated that he was anxious to match Jeanette to meet Philadelphia Jack O'Brien in a bout from six to twenty rounds. O'Brien was offered a match with Jeanette some time ago, but passed the colored boy up. Jack Johnson accepted and lost on a foul after a grueling battle.

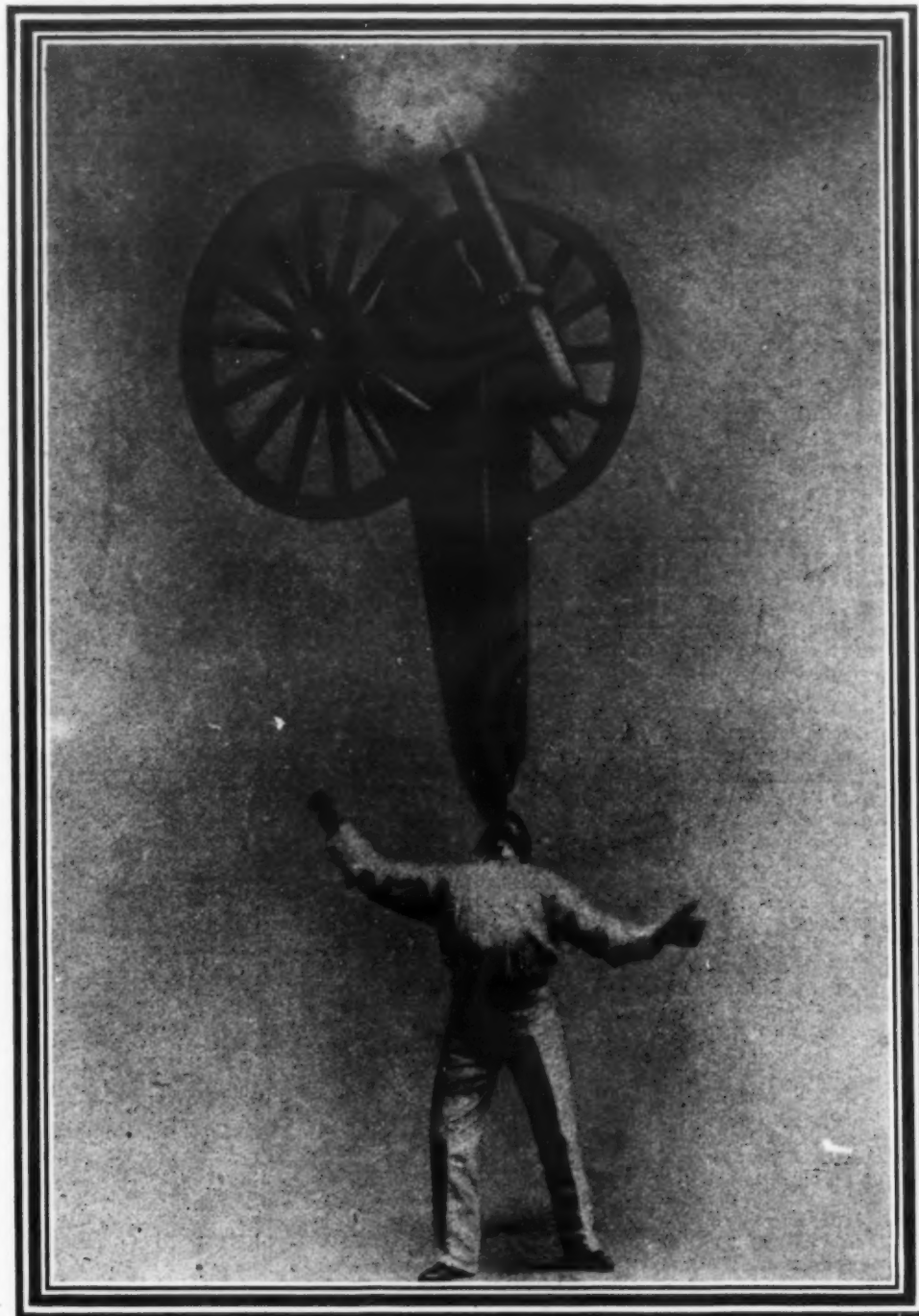
THE GOOD POKER PLAYER.

Dopes the game just as horses are doped, so he wins. If you will send for Poker: How to Win, you can do the same. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents extra.

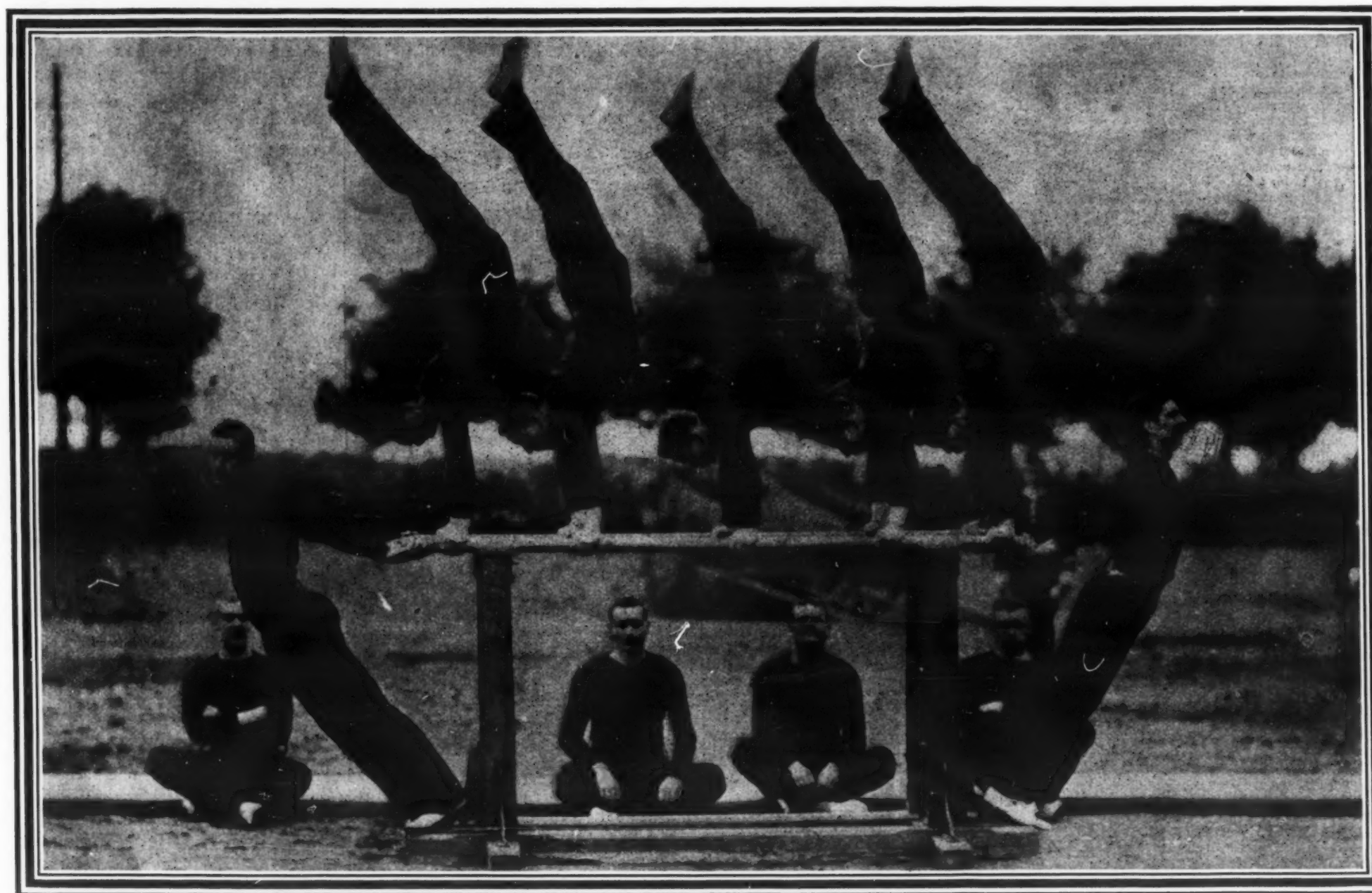


A NEW WAY TO SHOOT.

THE MARVELLOUS BRINN, AN ENGLISH PERFORMER WHO HAS JUST ARRIVED IN THIS COUNTRY
AND WHO CHALLENGES ANY ONE IN THE WORLD TO EQUAL HIS FEATS.



A MID-AIR SALUTE



BRITISH SOLDIER ATHLETES.

SOME OF THE TRAINING EXERCISES WHICH TEND TO MAKE THE ENGLISH TOMMY ATKINS A
GOOD FIGHTING MAN—THESE MEN ARE EXPERTS.

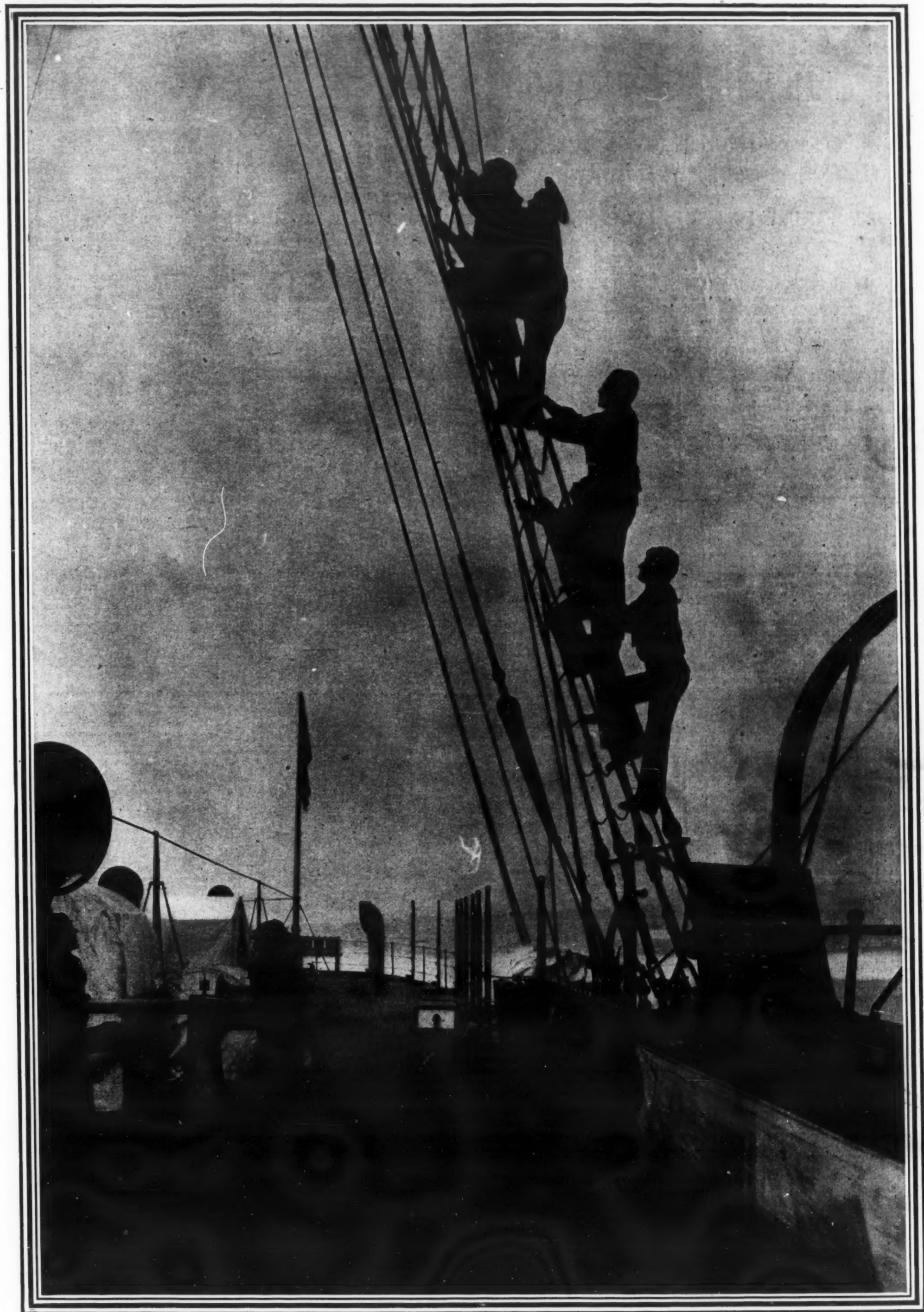


Photo by Walden Fawcett: Washington, D. C.

RACING FOR A MONTH'S PAY.

THIS STUNT IS KNOWN AS "GOING OVER THE TOP" AND CONSISTS IN GOING UP ONE SIDE AND COMING DOWN ON THE OTHER--IT IS POPULAR IN THE NAVY.

FITZSIMMONS' CAREER

—VITAL FORCES GAVE WAY UNDER EXHAUSTIVE TRAINING—

ENDED LIKE SULLIVAN'S

Veteran Fighter will Live in History as One of the Most Marvelous Athletes the World Has Ever Seen.

NELSON'S FAILURE TO FIGHT M'GOVERN, AND WHY!

Joe Gans Wants To Do the Lightweight Limit—St. Louis Promoters up in Arms. Al Kauffman Again to the Fore—How Amateur Fighters Thrive.

Nothing is heard nowadays but expressions of regret that Bob Fitzsimmons lacked sufficient wisdom to refrain from going into the ring again, after his last fight with George Gardner demonstrated his unfitness to engage in another hard battle. Personally, I thought old Fitz had one more good fight in him, and was prepared to see him beat O'Brien decisively with the punch which has so frequently availed him when it was needed; however, nature, too awfully abused by constant training, finally refused to do her part of the task, and the result was inevitable. Once too often to the well; the oft repeated tale of the broken pitcher is the summing up of this great fighter's career. Old age beat him! Nothing was lacking in his splendid fighting qualities, and if his vitality had held out I still maintain that he would have beaten his opponent. He trained faithfully, said he felt well and strong, but from all accounts he could not punch with his former vigor, and it was impossible for him to show the speed which helped him conquer all of his opponents except Jeffries. It was a case of Corbett and John L. Sullivan all over again. O'Brien, like Corbett, had youth, science and agility to depend upon, while Fitzsimmons, like Sullivan, was slow and old, depending solely upon the wallop, which he did not land with its customary power. Sullivan dropped from sheer exhaustion and so did Fitz. Nobody can say that if O'Brien, in his present form, had tackled Fitz five years ago, when the Cornishman was in his prime, he would have escaped a knockout. He could not have withstood Fitz's heavy jolts and swings with any more fortitude than Sharkey, Rubin, Corbett and Chynski showed prior to summary defeat. Fitz was too old to tackle this young, clever fellow, who showed a wise head when he made the match. O'Brien, always a money maker and saver, will now gather in a golden harvest before he enters the ring again. He has a right to the so-called title of light heavyweight champion, which is an empty honor. He is too light to have a chance with Jeffries, if the big fellow should ever decide to fight again, while the odds would be apparently against him should he consent to a meeting with Marvin Hart, who says he is the real heavyweight champion, because Jeffries bestowed the title upon him. Fitzsimmons' defeat at the hands of O'Brien is further proof he was a back number when he failed to stop George Gardner in twenty rounds, and that he should have retired permanently from the ring after his poor showing in that encounter. But Fitz, like many other old-timers, did not know when he had had enough. He died game, however, and will always be remembered as the greatest fighter of his weight that the world has ever seen.

By Terry McGovern's failure to consummate his part of the arrangement to fight Battling Nelson, the public will lose an opportunity for six months at least of again seeing the latter in the ring. Nolan, his manager, is the authority for this statement and explains that Nelson is getting his own price, practically, playing the burlesque wheel, and as he can have all the weeks he wants the work of booking him solid will go on. Nolan puts the hitch with McGovern up to the latter and says:

"I am sorry in a way that this match has terminated as it has, for, after the articles were signed we would have gone through with it. As a guarantee of good faith in the matter we immediately deposited the \$1,500 necessary to bind the match. Then we generously waited ten days or more for McGovern to come up, and lost several engagements that we would have filled as a result. I notified them then that they must get down with the money within three days, and I meant what I said. I do not blame McGovern. I think he wants to fight and that he appreciates what an opportunity he has. Why, he would get more money at the losing end of this fight than he ever got in any two of his battles when he took the winner's purse. But his managers were trying to place him on a par with us, and by holding out tried to get more than their 35 per cent. from the club. And that's all there is to the whole thing. Nelson is the champion, and he had to come to the others to get the title, now let them come to him. They were treated fairly and have no kick."

It is intimated by Nolan that Mike Sullivan will be the first man that Nelson will take on when he finishes his theatrical work.

That Joe Gans is able and willing to fight within the lightweight limit was demonstrated only the other day, when in signing articles in Frisco to fight Mike (Twin) Sullivan, he tried to give the affair a championship significance by urging the weight to be around the 135-pound mark. Sullivan fought Gans at Baltimore at 135, but he would not take a chance in the California climate. Other fighters told him that it was dangerous business making low weight out there, so Mike got cold feet. Rather than lose him and the chance of showing the Native Sons that he is not a back number Joe took Sullivan at his own terms, and will fight him at 142 pounds. Hence it will be a battle for the welterweight championship, and not the lightweight. By besting Gardner a short time ago Sullivan demonstrated that he has a claim to the title.

"I will do 135 for Britt or Nelson," said Sullivan, "but I don't care to make weight for Gans this time. I made 135 for him before, so he can't say that I am

afraid of him. In training for Gans I will see how much I can reduce, and be strong. This climate is a little new to me, and I have been told that some fighters have a lot of trouble fighting at their natural



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weight. After I have finished with Gans I can tell what weight I can make for Britt or Nelson."

With boxing permitted in Chicago under certain restrictions, no wonder the promoters about St. Louis have been wailing and lamenting the deplorable fact that the police board of that city has closed down on the game and will allow only amateur bouts. Bob Douglas, the manager of the Missouri A. C., went before the aforesaid board recently and they granted permission to have professional bouts. They said in so many words:

"You may have all the professional bouts you care to arrange, but it must be for members of your club only and no admission fee must be charged."

That was more than Bobbie could stand. He wiped off the perspiration that stood out in beads on his forehead and replied: "Gee, there ain't no money in fighting before members."

It looks, however, that the time is not far distant when St. Louis will again welcome the festive pug and enable those who want to witness the game to see their

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favorite sport demonstrated by the best knights of the padded mitts that are at present roaming about the land.

Arthur Duffy's expose of professional grafting as it is done by presumably bona fide amateur athletes was endorsed the other day when Sam Berger, the former amateur heavyweight boxer, admitted that he had received money for every battle in which he engaged under the colors of the Olympic Club. For years clubs have existed throughout the country, the sole purpose of which was to promote amateur boxing shows. Of these organizations the Olympic Club, of San Francisco, is the most famous. It turned out Jim Corbett, Jim Jeffries, Al Kauffman, James Edward Britt, and a number of other good fighters.

Berger not only admits that he has received money, but that men boxing as amateurs have been getting paid for years.

The winner before the Olympic or any similar organization was given his choice of two courses, says Berger. He might keep the emblem he received in the ring, or he could turn it back to the manufacturing jeweler and get its value in cash. The Olympic Club sends a delegate to the body that governs amateur sports in this part of the country—the Pacific Coast Amateur Athletic Association. This organization assigns the permits for "amateur" shows. Looks as if there was room now for an Amateur Athletic Union investigation.

Jack O'Brien's victory over Fitz ought to demonstrate to Al Kauffman that he is far from being a dub, and this should bring the former amateur champion back into the ring with more ambition to acquire professional honors. Kauffman is not pessimistic over his defeat at the hands of Jack O'Brien. He is philo-

JEM MACE ONLY EQUAL OF FITZ

Professor Mike Donovan's Inspired Prediction of the Fight.

Prof. Mike Donovan, who was one of the greatest fighters the world ever saw, and who to-day, although 65 years old, is the most noted teacher of boxing in the world, can add to his list of enviable qualifications that of being an extraordinary anti-post predictor of the outcome of ring battles. In conversation at the New York Athletic Club a few nights before the fight between Philadelphia Jack O'Brien and Bob Fitzsimmons, the silver haired veteran hero of the prize ring uttered a few truths about the probable outcome of the battle, that now it is all over reads as if he was inspired in forming his theories about the result.

"When a man is 43 years of age," said the professor, "and Fitzsimmons admits that he is at least that—he cannot combat with a younger man of anything like equal calibre and expect to overcome him. For that reason I fear the old man will be compelled to taste defeat when he tackles O'Brien."

"Conceding that Fitzsimmons is as fast, clever and still has the punch, he is, nevertheless, under a tremendous handicap, a handicap of fifteen years, for I understand that O'Brien is not yet twenty-eight years of age. "Now I know that the veteran has lived carefully by eating good food, taking plenty of exercise and refraining from dissipation, and moreover has never been the victim of disease, but, unfortunately for him, the same can be said, I understand, of the man he is going to fight."

"As I look at it, men in a physical sense are only improved machines. When they reach the age of thirty-five, the fires are burning brightest and the bodies are capable of giving forth their best. But after that age men gradually decline, and little by little lose their former vigor and energy. If that weren't so we'd never grow old."

"This is the line of reasoning I take when I say Fitzsimmons has more than Jack O'Brien to beat. I expect to read of him starting in with just as much speed as he ever displayed, but after a few rounds he will likely be compelled to slow down. He may still have his punch and skill and grit, but his internal organism will refuse to respond to the demands of his will as they did ten years ago. His heart, no longer at its best, will bother him; he will get so winded that it will be a struggle for every breath, and with these additional handicaps he will be a marvel indeed if he succeeds in conquering his foe."

"This may seem ridiculous to those who have seen Fitz recently and detected no pronounced difference in his present appearance from his looks ten years ago. But they fail to realize that a man may be at his best, according to all outward indications, and yet his interior arrangements will be weakening from the wear and tear of time. It's only natural that they should."

"The chances are that about the time Fitzsimmons begins to puff hardest O'Brien will be just warmed up to his work, and then he may employ the tactics he used to such good advantage when he whipped Kauffman—that is, jab and jab till the other fellow is so weak that he will prove an easy victim for a knockout punch."

"As a matter of fact I think that no one realizes the limitations of his powers more than Fitzsimmons himself. He has always been a shrewd student of physical condition, and by strict attention developed himself into a champion. He evolved blows by constant practice, learned just how to deliver them with the greatest force, and incidentally acquired the art of luring his man into a trap where he would be easy to hit. Hence it would be strange if he weren't aware of his weaknesses."

"The only man I can remember off-hand to retain his ring powers when around Fitzsimmons' age, is Jem Mace. He was a remarkably well preserved man. In fact, I guess he still is and he's now 78 years of age. When he licked Allen he was then fully 40 years of age. He was then a man with a wonderful constitution, and if Fitzsimmons manages to defeat O'Brien I'll consider him a greater man than was Mace in his day."

"Most athletes in any game that requires severe training drop from prominence when around 35. And as fighting is about as severe a tax on a man's power as any, it is not strange that so few pugilists amount to anything after that age."

BURKE BESTED HAGAN.

Billy Burke and Joe Hagan, met in the windup at the Broadway A. C., Philadelphia, on Dec. 21, in the presence of a large crowd.

While Hagan was beaten he put up a great exhibition of gameness and made a great hit with the crowd. In the first round Burke knocked Hagan down with a punch on the jaw. Although he was stunned Hagan jumped to his feet and came back at Burke. Billy caught Joe with a punch on the jaw, and Hagan fell out of the ring. It was a nasty fall and Hagan was stunned by it. He was helped into the ring and the referee began to count the ten seconds. He had not counted more than four when the bell rang. Hagan was still groggy when the second round started, but he made a great stand and came back for more every time Burke hit him. Burke had Hagan groggy several times, but could not finish him. In the last round Hagan had pulled himself together, and, although he was bleeding and weak, he made a great rally and fought Burke hard to the end of the round.

In the semi-windup, Austin Rice and Kid Henry fought a hard draw. Rice had all the best of the first four rounds, but Henry made a better showing in the last two and finished strong. Cub White and Boxer Kelly fought a hard draw. Bob Kerns knocked out Tom Lanihan in three rounds. Fred Thomas knocked out Young Williams in three rounds. The opening bout was between Kid Monroe and Young Steele. It lasted three rounds Monroe being the winner.

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Many Wagers for Our Readers.

K. D. G., Waterville, Me.—A is right.
G. M. H., Portland, Ore.—What is the value of three treys and two sixes in playing cribbage?.....18.
H. R. L., Kansas City, Mo.—A and B play a game of cribbage; B plays 31—last card; does he get 2 or 3?.....He gets 2.

H. J. M., Chicago.—Is a player allowed in sixty-six to take an ace from the pack which is covered, as the player had in the play?.....Yes.

H. G. H., Peoria, Ill.—In a game of pitch can a man go out on dead points and win whether the bidder makes his points or not?.....Yes.

H. F., Cochran, O.—Five men bet on Herrick's plurality; Pattison is elected; the one nearest was to win the pool; who wins?.....Draw.

C. K., Chicago, Ill.—High five, partners; the first fellow bid fourteen; can the dealer bid fourteen and take the bid away from him?.....Yes.

M. M., Mobile, Ala.—A and B are playing seven-up and each are six points; A is dealing; who has the best of it; A or B?.....A. He might turn a jack.

G. M., Fond du Lac, Wis.—What is the percentage in favor of the house in the games of roulette and hazard?.....Roulette 5 1/2-19; hazard about 8 per cent.

Salisbury, Ishpeming, Mich.—A, B, C and D were playing smear; ten points game; A stands nine, bids two and makes high game; B stands nine and makes low jack; which wins?.....A wins.

J. B., Detroit, Mich.—Four men are playing sixty-six; partners; the dealer turns trump; has he got to pick the trump up or has he not, after the man next to dealer plays out?.....Must pick it up.

C. E. B., Brooklyn.—To settle a bet, would you kindly advise whether a score card in a two-handed pinochle game can be seen and referred to in any stage of the game by either player?.....Not allowed.

H. J. M., Chicago, Ill.—Can a player in two-handed sixty-six take the card which is trump with the nine after the trump is turned down; has he a right to the talon trump after being turned down?.....Yes.

H. B., Buffalo, N. Y.—State the kind and cost of the punching bags used by Belle Gordon and the Keeley Brothers in their exhibitions?.....They are made to order by private makers. Inquire of Miss Gordon in a letter addressed to her, care of this office.

S. M., Chicago.—M proposes to bet \$ the sum of \$5; S accepts the proposition; M has only \$1 and leaves it with stakeholder as a forfeit; S covers the dollar to bind the agreement and before the balance of money is put up backs out; what does M win?.....M ought to win \$5 if S has any principle or honor.

E. L. C., Frankfort, Ind.—Cinch game; composed of eight players; playing 11 points for game; A has 10 points; B 4; C 2; D 8; E 6; F 5; G 7; and H 3; D has 8 points and is the last to bid, and he bids 3 and makes high, jack and game; A holds the low, which makes him 11 points also with D; who is the winner?.....A wins.

F. P., Dubuque, Iowa.—What is the best way to develop the arm muscles? What food is the best to eat to obtain the most strength? In playing a game of cinch; if a man discards a trump is he supposed to show the card?.....1. Full instructions given in the POLICE GAZETTE book on physical training; six two-cent stamps. 2. Yes.

H. C. H., La Crosse, Wis.—A opens jackpot; B stays; C raises; A and B see the cards; cards are drawn; A checks the bet; the rest call; when A's hand is shown he has no openers; B has two sixes; C has a pair of aces; is C entitled to the pot? A claimed that he discarded one of his pair of openers by mistake and C claimed the pot, stating he had openers at the start?.....C wins.

W. J. B., Houghton, Mich.—A bets B that Bob Fitzsimmons fought more prize fights than Jack O'Brien, no boxing or exhibition contests; are the bouts in Philadelphia prize fights?.....1. Send six two-cent stamps for "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" for 1906, containing full records of both men and figure it out for yourself. 2. They are fights all right, but no decisions are rendered.

P. G., Macon, Ga.—A, B, C and D playing casino; A and C partners against B and D; nine, five, four and ace on the board; B has his first play and has a nine spot in his hand, he plays his nine to the board and takes up five, four, ace and nine; C sees his mistake and makes him lay down what he has picked up; B claims he is not required to lose his play, but only to put back the ace on board?.....B is right.

A. L. L., Ephraim, Utah.—In a card game of sixty-three; has a bidder the right or privilege to discard counters when he holds more than six trumps, in case he finds it necessary in order to make the amount bid? May any player under any circumstance discard counters? Are high and low confined to the ace and two-spot? Who gets low, the one who plays it or the one who takes it?.....1. Cannot discard counters. 2. Ace and deuce are not always high and low. 3. One who plays low gets it.

H. H. S., Troy, O.—In a seven-handed game of draw poker; A, B, C, D, E, F, and G are players; A is dealing; B, C and D pass; E breaks the pot; F and G pass; A, the dealer, stays; B then raises; E, the breaker, stands the raise; A then lays down, having stayed on a four flush; B and E both stand pat; E makes a bet and B calls; in spreading his hand E discovers that he has not got breakers; does he lose his money, no one else having breakers except B who had previously passed?.....He loses his money.

Reader, Houghton, Mich.—See answer to W. J. B. L. K., Brooklyn, N. Y.—A bets B that ace, king, queen jack, ten of trumps meld 150, and king and queen of each suit meld 350 all told; B bets 300 all told?.....350.

F. J. S., Kane, Pa.—A and B playing pinochle; A had fifty to go, leads the ace of trumps and melds forty trumps; is he out or must he take a trick after melding?.....He is out.

J. W. M., Suffern, N. Y.—Three-handed game of pinochle; a player melds four kings and four queens of different suit at one hand; hearts trump; what would he count?.....240.

T. B., San Francisco, Cal.—I would like to know the color of Creesus, and also the pronunciation of his name?.....1. Bay. 2. Pronounced as if it were spelled "Creesus."

Regular, Pawtucket, R. I.—We were playing pitch; bid to the board; nine apiece; B bids three; A sells; B makes low, jack game; A makes high; who wins?.....A wins.

H. N. H., South Bend, Ind.—In a game of poker; all jack pots; A opens pot; B stays; after the draw he discovers he has not openers; B shows two queens; can B win pot?.....Yes.

Reader, Toledo, O.—Cribbage; A and B are playing. A gets three seven spots, one eight spot, and nine spot turned up; he claims twenty-eight; B claims twenty-one?.....Twenty-one is right.

P. L., New York.—Progressive euchre; A says that the winning couple at table No. 1 stays at table until they lose without changing partners; B says they must change partners; who is right?.....Must change partners.

J. P. K., Cassandra, Pa.—We have a bet on the Corbett and John L. Sullivan fight; A bets that the fight did not go ten rounds; B bets it went over ten; who wins?.....B wins; they fought into the twenty-first round.

G. H., Constantine, Mich.—How many battles have Fitzsimmons and Jeffries fought, and where?.....Send six two-cent stamps for the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" for 1906, containing complete records of both men.

H. S. B. C., Quaker Street, N. Y.—In playing a four-handed game of pinochle; a player has ace, king, queen, jack and ten of trumps; can he meld forty trumps and the 150 high trumps, with no other trumps in hand?.....No.

Subscriber, Richmond, Va.—If A makes a bet with B and A asks B if he was betting on a certainty, and B says yes, is it proper that he should win on a certainty?.....Yes, if A still doubts the question at issue. He is betting on his knowledge or judgment against that of his opponent.

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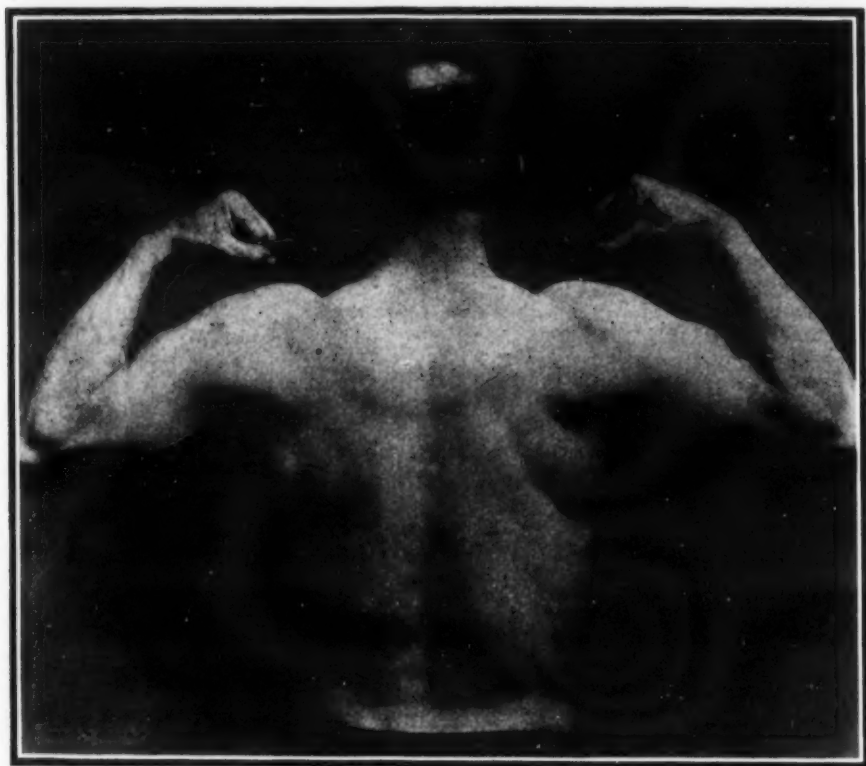
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THE FIRE FIGHTERS OF ABITA SPRINGS, LA.

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SOMINO, JOSEPH COLTON AND E. BURCKSTOCK.



ED STOLL.

BACK VIEW OF THE GERMAN HEAVYWEIGHT WRESTLER
WHO BARS NO ONE ON THE MAT.



ALEX SWANSON.

THE MUSCLES IN THIS BACK HAVE HELPED THE CLEVER SWEDE
TO WIN MANY HARD WRESTLING BOUTS.



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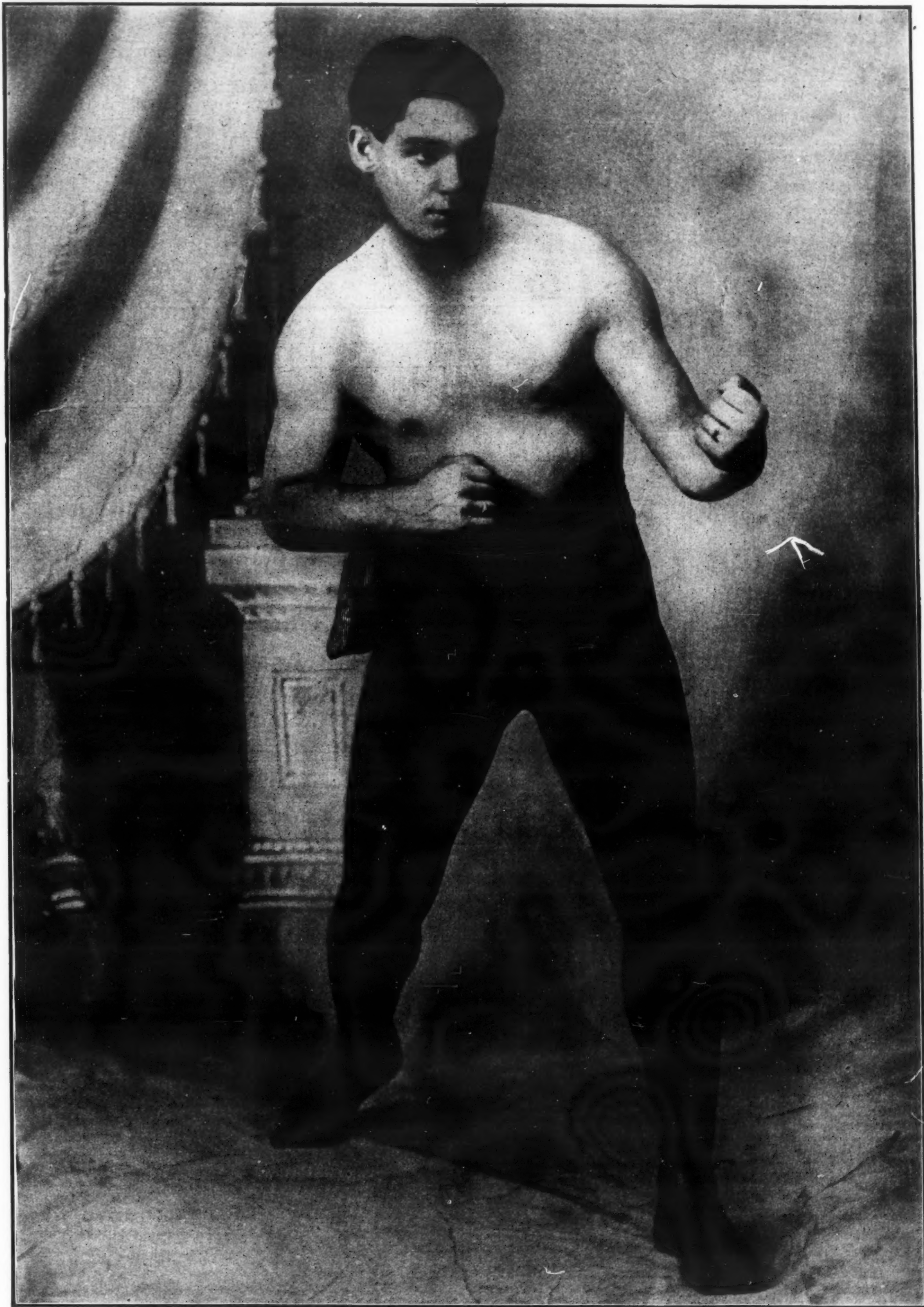
THE CANINE GUARDIANS OF THE CHIEF EXECUTIVE'S SUMMER HOME AT
OYSTER BAY AND THE MAN WHO CARES FOR THEM.



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CHARLEY O'ROURKE.

THE NEW ENGLAND WELTERWEIGHT WHO RECENTLY SCORED A VICTORY IN HIS FIRST BATTLE AFTER A LONG ABSENCE FROM THE ROPED ARENA.

WELL-KNOWN SALOONIST

Wise Bartenders will Get Good Tips
in This Column.



Andrew B. Yacenda, of 124 North Sixth street, Brooklyn, N. Y., is a well-known saloonist, and has a large acquaintance among the sporting fraternity of Greater New York. Mr. Yacenda is the backer and manager of Edward Tuohy, the Brooklyn middle distance pedestrian, and has successfully managed many sporting enterprises.

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Now go ahead and send in a recipe for some new kind of a drink.

See what you can do about it.

Get in line as soon as possible.

It doesn't make any difference where you are employed; as long as you are a bartender you are eligible in this contest.

We want to make this contest greater than the previous ones—they were successful enough, for thousands of recipes came in—but we want this to be a record breaker.

So write out your recipes and send them in.

MARASCHINO LEMONADE.

(By John T. Magill, Minerva, Ohio.)

Use large bar glass; three teaspoons of sugar; eight dashes of lemon juice; three-quarters of shaved ice; one wine glass Maraschino juice. Fill up with water, shake well, decorate with slices of pineapple.

NAVAHOE LEMONADE.

(By E. Masterson, Columbia Hotel, Anderson, Ind.)

Fill mixing glass two-thirds full fine ice; one tablespoon powdered sugar; juice one small lemon; one split Navahoe water; stir thoroughly and strain into lemonade glass; serve with fruit.

FRUIT AND FLOWER PUNCH.

(John R. Pratt, Fitzgerald's Auditorium, Atlantic City, N. J.)

Two dashes Raspberry Syrup, two dashes Creme De Rose, juice of half lime, two ponys of Apple Brandy, use large bar glass three-quarters filled with shaved ice, stir this drink, don't shake it. Fizz it with seltzer, decorate it with fruit and berries, serve with straws.

TOGIO SOUR.

(By Steve Rossmeyne, Cleburne Hotel, Helena, Ark.)

Use large lemonade glass, juice of one lime or lemon, spoonful bar sugar, a dash of pineapple juice, squeeze about tablespoon orange juice, three-quarters Jigger whiskey, one-quarter Jigger Claret, white one egg, fill glass full fine ice, shake well, strain off in nine-ounce stem glass, fill with effervescing water.

BABYLON PUNCH.

For a party of twenty-four.

(By M. L. Thomas, Babylon Hotel, Old Forge, Pa.)

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Terry Martin, of Philadelphia, defeated Arthur Cote, of Biddeford, by a peculiar knockout in the thirteenth round of their scheduled fifteen-round bout at Portland,

Me., on Dec. 25. In a mixup near the ropes Cote fell through, impelled by two light body blows, and struck his head so heavily on the floor below that he was insensible until after the count.

Up to this point it was a very fast battle, but distinctly Martin's on points. The Philadelphia man beat Cote's head to a jelly with his lightning jabs and by his fast footwork made the Maine man look slow. In fighting Cote was superior, as he had a harder wallop, once flooring Martin with a terrific left to the jaw.

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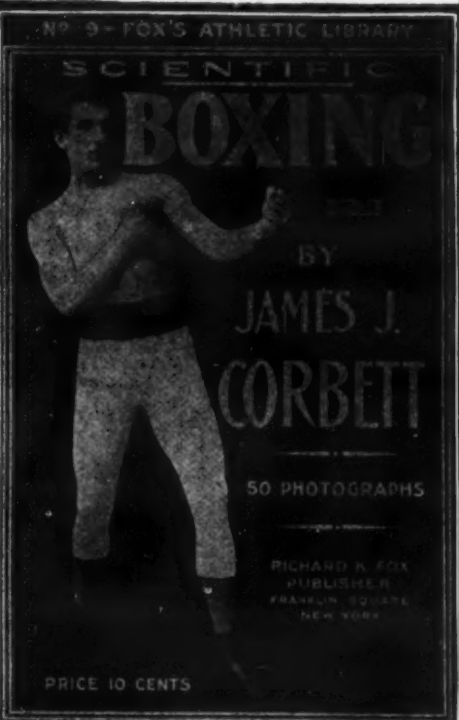
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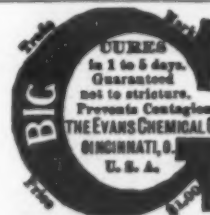
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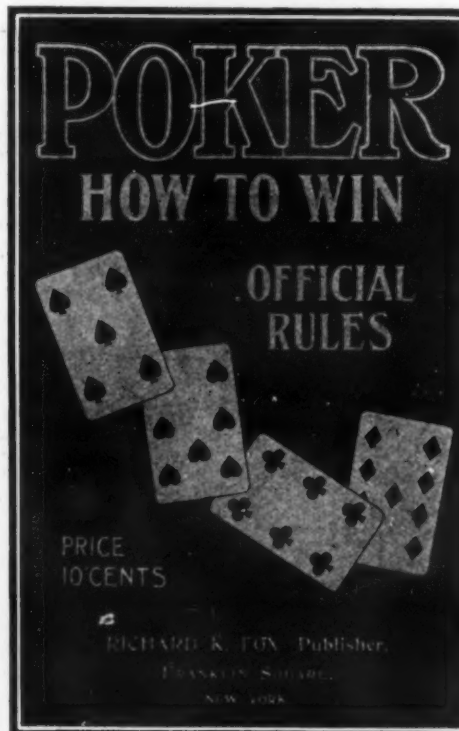
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SUPPLES PUT TO SLEEP.

Gus Gardner, of Philadelphia, won easily from Curley Supples in two rounds of a scheduled fifteen-round fight at the Black Rock A. C., at Buffalo, N. Y., on Dec. 22. There was nothing to the battle but the Quaker City scrapper. He walloped Supples all over the ring in the first round, dropping him for the count. In the second round Gardner saw he had his man whipped. With a series of rushes, swinging rights and lefts to the body, Gus beat Supples to the floor. After taking the count a well-directed smash to the jaw put Supples completely out.

BEZENAH DEFEATS O'LEARY.

Andy Bezenah, of Cincinnati, won an easy victory over Young O'Leary at Milwaukee, Wis., in an eight round bout on Dec. 22. Bezenah was easily the leader in seven of the eight rounds, and in the other O'Leary was only able to hold his own. Bezenah hammered the Milwaukee boy all around the ring, and when O'Leary stalled and tried to administer body punishment while leaning over his opponent Bezenah was actively beating the Milwaukee boy's head.

The preliminary proved a good fight. Jack Dougherty, of Milwaukee, was given a well-earned decision over Otto Siof, of Chicago.

RUBE AND M'FADDEN EVEN.

Rube McCarthy, a newcomer in the pugilistic world, met George McFadden, the New York boxer, in a three-round argument at the McFadden A. C., New York, on Dec. 21. Both men fought like wild tigers all through the mill. McCarthy using the former tricks of McFadden by sticking his elbows in the old-timer's face every chance he got. McFadden tore off a few hard wallops to McCarthy's stomach in the last round, and evened matters up at the close.

Frankie Paul put it all over Billy West in three fast rounds. Paul jabbing his opponent to the face any time he wanted to.

Spike Todd knocked out Joe Flynn in the second round with a right and left hook to the jaw. Both boys fought hard in the first round, but Todd showed his best hand in the second round.

NEW ORLEANS BOUTS.

The Young Men's Gymnastic Club, at New Orleans, La., on Dec. 20, was the scene of some hot bouts. Kid Smith, of Chicago, defeated Boxer Sullivan, of Louisville, in three rounds. The go between Eddie Holly, of New Orleans, and Frank Kerr, of New York, was stopped in the fourth round, because of the unfair tactics of both men. Gus Bezenah, of Cincinnati, knocked out Jimmy Carroll, of San Francisco, in the third round.

GRIM USED HIS FEET.

Joe Grim, the human punching bag, thought that Jack Reardon, of Philadelphia, was landing too hard on him in their fight before the National Sporting Club, at Wilmington, Del., on Dec. 25, and resorted to an old prize ring trick that caused the worst rough and tumble fight ever seen there in a roped arena.

At the end of the third round Grim realized that he was getting the worst of the bout and called Reardon a foul name, hoping it would anger his opponent and cause him to be careless in the next round. Reardon, however, pounced upon Grim who threw him to the floor. Then Grim proceeded to kick Reardon brutally.

The crowd became highly excited and everyone jumped to his feet. Referee Lew Bailey, of Philadelphia, was equal to the occasion, and seizing Grim threw him almost out of the ring.

After quietness was restored the bout went on. It is needless to say the spectators got their money's worth in the next three rounds. Reardon had all the best of it and the bell alone saved Grim from being knocked out in the sixth.

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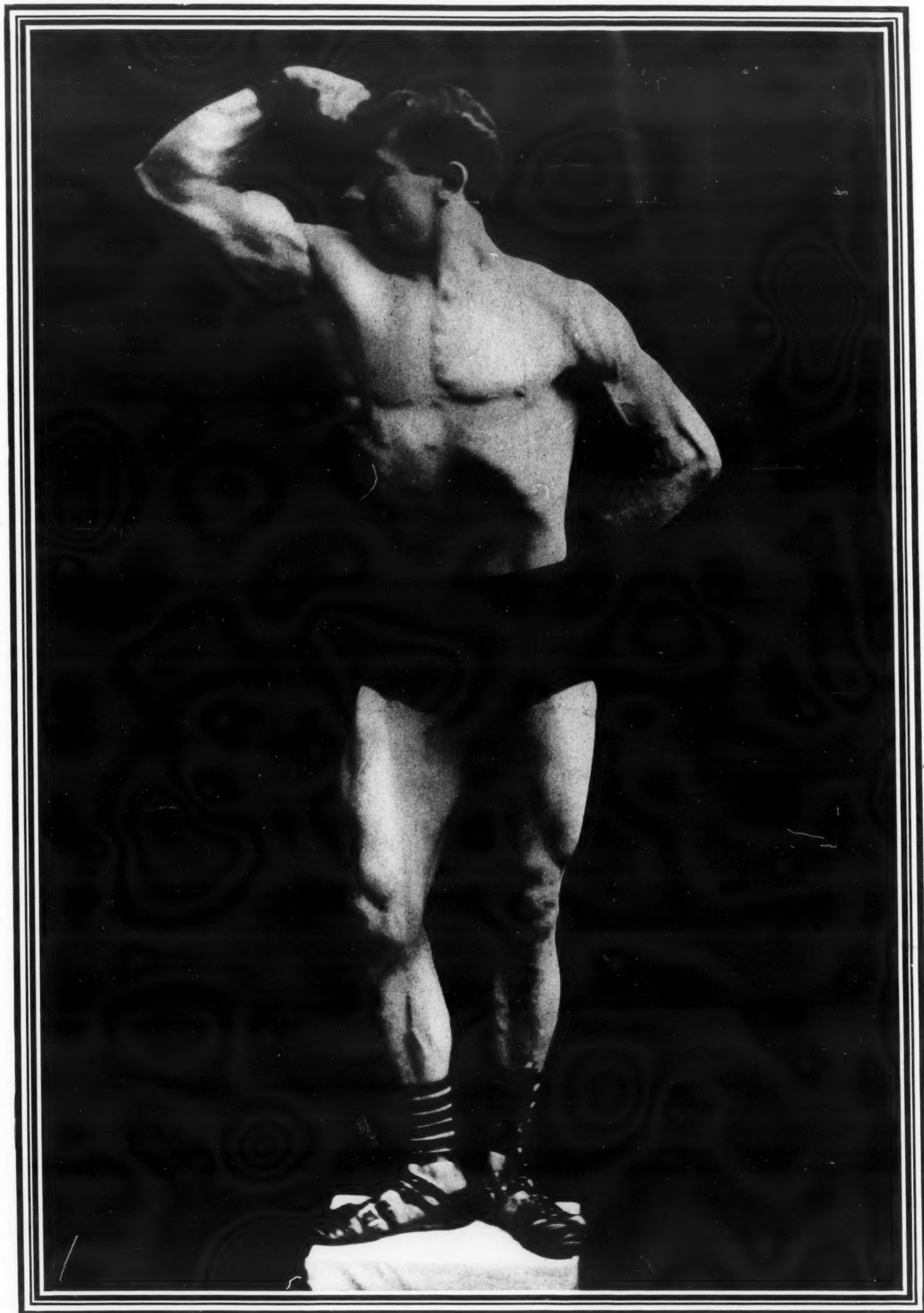
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